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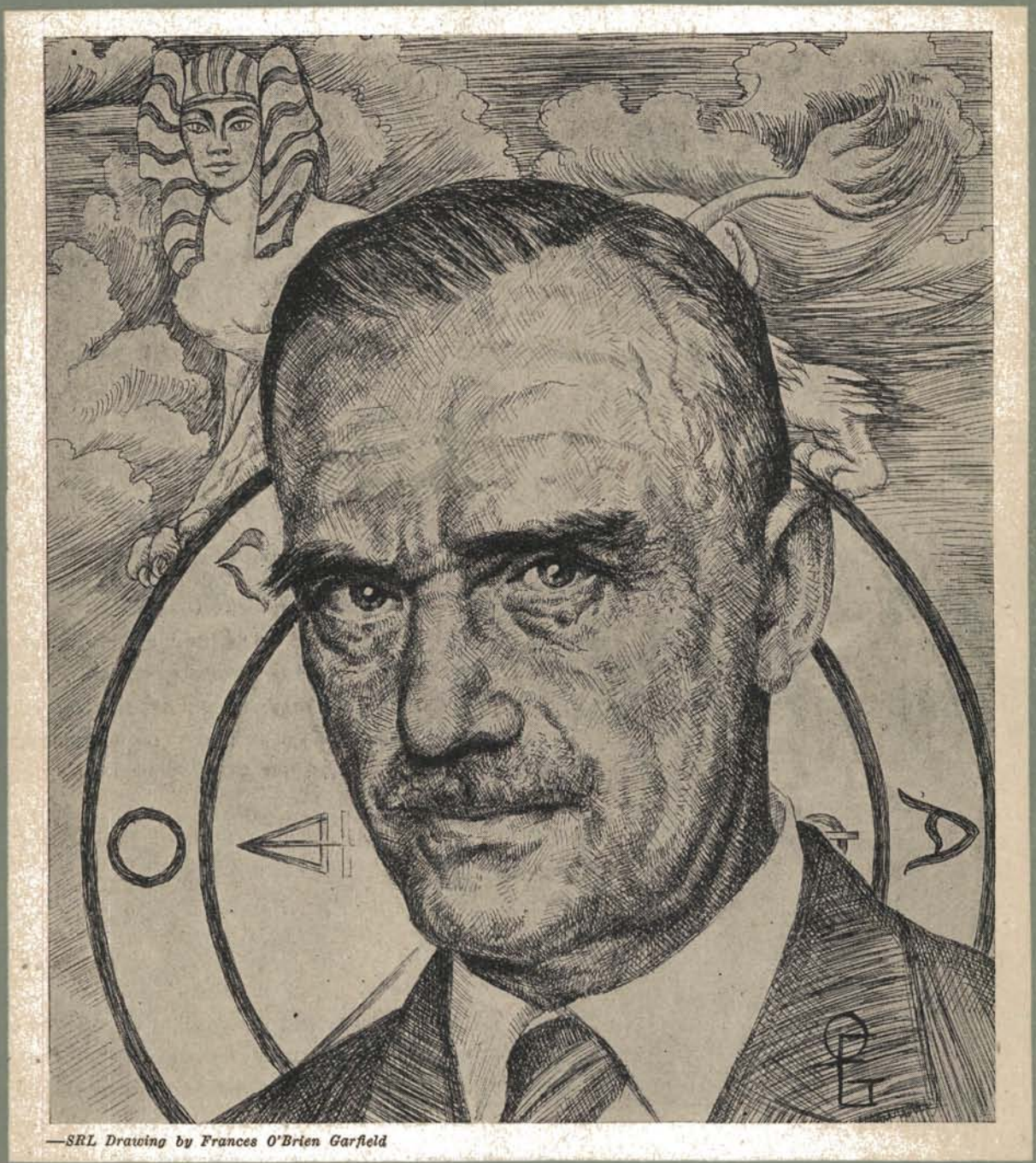

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVIII, No. 24, June 16, 1945. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1945, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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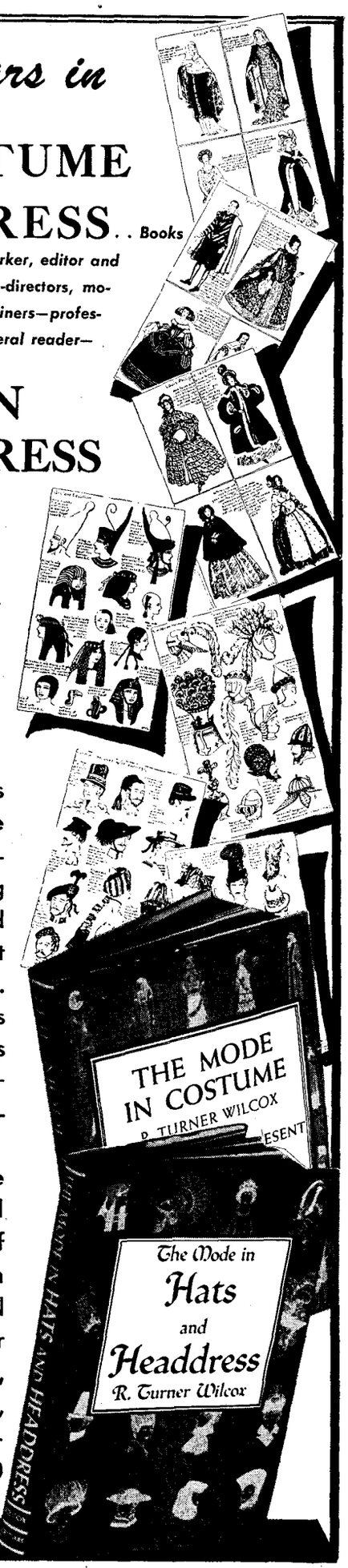

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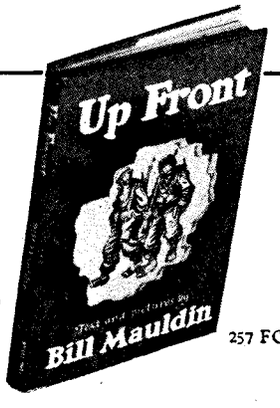

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Luebeck to Liberty

Thomas Mann, at His Seventieth Birthday, Is Still the Intellectual Explorer

ALFRED WERNER

THE First World War brought about the most significant change in the life of Thomas Mann. He was in his early forties, above the military age, and he had a dozen books to his credit. Like most German writers, he had so far paid little attention to politics. In England and in France a writer is expected to take an interest in politics, to express his views for the benefit of the nation. In Imperial Germany, he was expected to keep quiet and to stick to flowers, love, and the sky, unless he could glorify the Hohenzollerns in novels or on the stage.

With a disarming frankness, Mann in later years admitted that, like a large number of German intellectuals, he was politically innocent, when World War I broke out. He was one of the ninety-three intellectuals who signed a bombastic anti-French declaration. During the war he published nothing but an essay of medium length, "Frederick the Great and the Grand Coalition," and a voluminous study, "Reflections on a Non-Political Man." They make strange reading in 1945, as, in more than one sense, they anticipate the writings of some of the most rabid Nazis, except that they are free of any anti-Semitism. Mann upheld Germany's entrance into the war and celebrated Frederick's invasion of Silesia, thus by inference defending the German invasion of Belgium in 1914. He wrote enthusiastically of "the eternal" primitive heroic impulse which brought about the war and without which society would be anemic; he turned against the domination of reason and declared that, according to his deep conviction, "the German people will never be able to love political democracy, and that the much decried authoritarian state is the form of state most suitable to the German people."

It would be easy to select scores of sentences from these two works (the longer of which, "Reflections," has never been translated into English) which read like Alfred Rosenberg rather than Thomas Mann, yet it is unfair to hold them against the Mann of today, as did an American scholar recently when he accused Mann of pleading for a "soft peace" for the Germans. Thomas Mann was as sincere in those war years, when he wrote against the philosophy of the West, as was his brother Heinrich, the internationalist, who was the target of his own brother's attacks. He was equally sincere later, when he renounced "Reflections." "I should never have published it," he wrote recently, defending himself against the aforementioned attack. "Its sole right to publicity may perhaps lie in the fact that it served as the intellectual pre-

liminary to the novel of European dialectics, 'The Magic Mountain.'" Yet "Reflections" served another valuable purpose, too—it indicates the awakening of the poet, hitherto removed from the exigencies of life in his ivory tower, to the awareness of morality and the powers threatening it, and his increasing interest in politics which, after all, are, or should be, nothing but civic morality.

"Today war is a lie and all its works are lies. . . . Democracy is more truly German than any imperial grand opera," Mann said, addressing a large audience in Berlin's Beethoven-Saal in 1923. It requires audacity and strength to revoke publicly what one had preached only a comparatively short time before. The above quoted sentences are from a speech, "Of German Republic," originally written as a tribute to the sexagenarian Gerhart Hauptmann—the same Hauptmann who declared a decade later that his meeting with Hitler was the greatest moment of his life. There were catcalls from the gallery by infuriated reactionaries, but they could not intimidate Mann. At a time when most people considered Hitler a joke, Mann took him seriously, assailing German fascism as a "racial religion, with antipathy, not only for international Judaism, but also, quite expressly, for Christianity, as a humane influence . . . a pagan folk-religion, a Wotan cult . . . romantic barbarism." Like his brother Heinrich, with whom he had become reconciled, and like another great novelist, Jacob Wassermann, he became the voice of liberty, the advocate of justice in Germany and abroad. In the fall of 1930, after the Nazis emerged from the polls as the second largest party in the Reichstag, Mann took up the cudgels for a party entirely foreign to the patrician from Luebeck. Aware of the menace to democracy from the Right, he took up the cause of the Left: "I state my conviction that the political place of the German citizen is today with the Social Democratic Party."

HE could have made his peace with the Nazis like Hauptmann in 1933; Hitler would have loved to have the other Nobel Prize winner, for propaganda purposes; the Nazis would even have overlooked his wife's Jewish descent. They sent out peace feelers, through the historian of literature, Paul Fechter—but Mann paid no attention to the hint. In that crucial spring of 1933 he happened to be abroad on a lecture tour. His family telephoned him not to return because of "bad weather." They all met at Arosa, Switzerland; none of them ever went back to Germany, except Erika who returned to Munich, disguised by smoked glasses, to "steal" the unfinished "Joseph" manuscript from the confiscated paternal home.

We do not know exactly why Mann, for more than two years, refrained from thundering against the Hitlerites, as other exiles did. To his diary he confided words of anger and horror such as:

> We are profoundly aware that these fools, these unmitigated bunglers, will come to a bad end. And

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what then? What will become of this unfortunate German people, now intoxicated with pseudo-happiness? . . . The awakening which awaits it will be ten times more horrible than that of 1918.

In any event, he broke the silence in 1935, and for his rebuke of the Nazi Government was deprived of his German citizenship. Thereafter the University of Bonn informed him briefly that his name had been stricken from the list of honorary doctors. Mann replied in a classic letter to the dean of that University, explaining why he could not keep silent "in the face of the unexpiable evil that is done daily in my country to bodies, souls and minds, to right and truth, to men and mankind" and putting the full responsibility on the German intellectuals. When, last April, the famous *Frankfurter Zeitung,* until 1933 Germany's foremost liberal daily, was rejuvenated under the auspices of General Bradley's Twelfth Army Group, it carried in its first issue Mann's great letter!

During the next nine years—1936-1945—Mann contributed as much to the defeat of Nazism as ten military divisions might have done. First he edited in Switzerland a high-class anti-Nazi magazine, *Mass und Wert;* then, in 1938, after the Mann family had settled in the United States, he continued his anti-fascist activities from the soil of the Western hemisphere. As a lecturer in humanities at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, as a consultant on German literature on the staff of the Library of Congress, as a public speaker, as a broadcaster to Germany he had only one aim in mind; to destroy the infamy of Nazism. Those who still look upon him with suspicion, as though he, a born German, must necessarily be a disguised champion of a "soft peace" for the Germans, are advised to peruse his latest article, called "The End" (*Free World,* March 1945). Without abandoning all hope for a better, rejuvenated Germany of tomorrow, he wants the menace of a bellicose Vaterland destroyed for all time:

> There must be an end of the martial Reich that never understood the meaning of the word "liberty," that regarded as "liberty" only its own right to enslave others . . . no measure that tends to destroy it as a state of mind can be disapproved.

It is strange that there are probably millions of people from all walks of life who know Mann as an ardent propagandist for the cause of liberty, but who never read any of his novels or short stories. Actually, his works of fiction are more numerous and important than his essays and speeches. Counting the American editions only, you find nearly a dozen volumes of longer works of fiction, and a volume,

"Stories of Three Decades," containing a score of novelettes and short stories and his only drama, "Fiorenza."

IT is unfortunate that many Americans are afraid to try Mann's main works, the basis of his fame, "The Magic Mountain," and the Joseph-tetralogy. It is true that they make difficult reading; especially for people not accustomed to the long-winded German syntax. Even a German must read some sentences twice, to get the full meaning. Nevertheless, these three-thousand-odd crowded pages are required reading. They are milestones on Mann's long road to self-liberation, the road from an old-fashioned Teutonic bourgeois home to the freedom of an all-embracing philosophy.

In "The Magic Mountain" the scene is a swanky tuberculosis sanitorium in Switzerland where Hans Castrop, a guileless young German, not only is cured of his physical illness, but also receives a Freudian catharsis, his analysts being fellow-patients, an Italian humanist, a converted Jew who became a Jesuit mystic, a strange Russian woman, a Dutch East Indian coffee king, and others with conflicting philosophies. "What I had in me, as I know quite clearly, was that from long ago, even as a lad, I was familiar with illness and death. . . . There are two paths of life: one is the regular one, direct, honest. The other is bad, it leads through death. . . ."

Thus spoke Hans Castorp, clearly seeing man's dilemma in the bourgeois world, before he disappears, swallowed up by the tide of the World War. "May it be that love one day shall mount?", "The Magic Mountain" closes. That book was published in 1924. The answer to its question came a decade later, through the tetralogy; "Joseph and his Brothers." Mann no longer derived his philosophy from the pessimistic trio, Schopenhauer, Wagner, and Nietzsche, but from the explorers of life and love, the compilers of the Bible as well as Goethe and Freud. It is the irony of history that one of the very great German writers should be compelled to live in exile while working on a novel dealing with the Odyssey of the race slandered and slaughtered by his own countrymen.

But the Joseph-story is not only the tale of a Hebrew tribe. It is the story of mankind, working its way up from primitive brutality to the affirmation of the values of life and social consciousness. It is, in a sense, an anti-fascist novel, as it shows a young man's journey from egotistical, "totalitarian" dreams to social awareness, to social responsibility. If Mann took his plot from the Bible, and the pattern of his language from the mature Goethe, the Viennese soul-doctor Sigmund Freud was his guide through the jungle of the human mind, from the hegemony of the unconscious to the understanding of the atavistic, destructive forces in man.

In an essay on "Freud and the Future," written on the occasion of Freud's eightieth birthday in 1936, Mann talks of the moral devastation produced "by worship of the unconscious, the glorification of the primitive and irrational." He glorifies Freud as a path-finder of a better future when man will stand "in a different relation to the powers of the lower world, the unconscious, the Id; a relation bolder, freer, blither, productive of a riper art than any possible in our neurotic, fear-ridden, hate-ridden world." Thomas Mann himself as a novelist and essayist, if not as a scientist, will have to be recognized as a pathfinder like the Viennese doctor.

I can think of no better birthday present for Mann on his seventieth birthday than the victory of the United Nations, wiping out the last resistance of the Dark Powers that, for more than twelve years, had done their utmost to turn this globe into a "neurotic, fear-ridden, hate-ridden world." For Mann, the erstwhile master of irony, "with glances at both sides" and "in no great hurry to come to a decision," has become, in the course of time, one of this era's most serious, most active workers in behalf of mankind:

> I never wished to be a stranger in this world, as it often lies in the nature of a poet to be, but I have tried to give myself to mankind, to society, to the state—insofar as its sphere touches that of culture—to my family, to social life, to friendship, to recreation, to enjoyment. The problem of the conflict between Life and Art, between the world of form and the world of men, have concerned me early and late, and much as I have been called to Art, not to say condemned to it, I have not wished to consume myself in it, but to be, as far as I could, a human being.

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The Continuing Story of Lanny Budd

DRAGON HARVEST. By Upton Sinclair. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 703 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THE literary reputation of Upton Sinclair offers criticism one of its most troubling problems. He is a writer who has been long before the public, so that the list of his titles is as portentous as the bibliography of H. G. Wells or Bernard Shaw. His "The Jungle" is by way of being a minor classic; it has acquired the air of an historical document even though its author is happily alive and vigorous. More recently, "Dragon's Teeth," another of those vast historical galleries hung with cartoons through which wanders the protean Lanny Budd, was awarded a Pulitzer prize. Other books by Mr. Sinclair—"The Brass Check," "Boston," "The Goose Step"—achieved in their day, and probably still retain, a certain importance. And although there was a time when, claiming that work so radical was unacceptable to the kept capitalist press, Mr. Sinclair took to publishing his own books, that time is past, and one of our standard publishing companies now issues "Dragon Harvest," sixth in the Lanny Budd series. On the jacket there are printed encomiums on Mr. Sinclair by persons as various as Gertrude Atherton, Claude G. Bowers, and Albert Einstein.

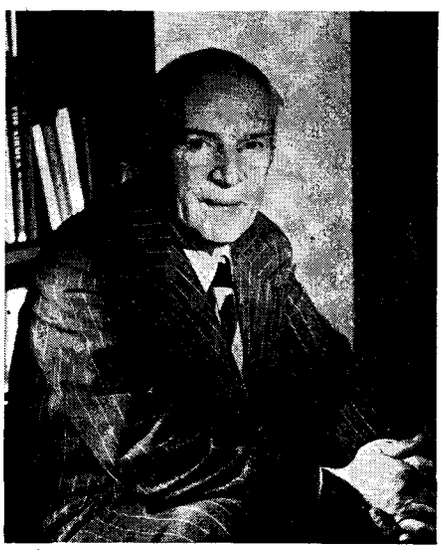
Moreover, it has been made a reproach to historians of American letters and to American critics that, whereas in the world of Europe Mr. Sinclair has been a great and famous writer, in the United States his renown is limited and parochial. We are told that the Russians have long read and admired him, as they have read and admired another socialist fiction writer, Jack London. If it is said that perhaps socialists have their own values, the argument is next made that the Germans used to read him and found him an author as important as Sinclair Lewis and Thomas Wolfe. If the judgment of foreigners is ever to be the judgment of posterity, Mr. Sinclair is assured of status as a major literary force in our culture.

Obviously, American criticism is not equally impressed. Histories of American literature do not ignore Mr. Sinclair, but they tend to mention him as one who "also wrote," and only rarely go beyond polite reference to his first important novel. When Carl Van Doren or Joseph Warren Beach writes a book about contemporary fiction, Mr. Sinclair does not interest them, or at least does not appear to them to be of the same magnitude as Mr. Dos Passos, Mr. Hemingway, or Mr. Faulkner. Even books that treat the history of ideas in the United States, such as those by Mr. Curti or Mr. Gabriel, seem to be more impressed by a figure like William Graham Sumner than they are by Mr. Sinclair.

For this neglect, if it be neglect, left-wing comment has in the past advanced the explanation that, because Mr. Sinclair is "radical," the literary world, faithful to the genteel tradition, depreciates his writing. Mr. Sinclair has attacked the newspaper world and the book publishers; ergo entrepreneurs in the world of print have in self-defense tacitly agreed to minimize his importance. He has pictured universities as institutions kept by finance capital; therefore professors do not lecture about him.

But this explanation does not explain. Reputable publishers have not only taken on Mr. Sinclair, they have published books quite as "radical" as anything by him. Moreover, the argument assumes what must be first proved; and it is not proved that the amount of literary attention evoked by Mr. Sinclair's successive volumes is in inverse proportion to their social radicalism.

My own guess is that, if there were some supreme literary court of appeals before which the case could be brought, the judges would find for American criticism. I suspect the absence of distinction from Mr. Sinclair's useful prose permits an easy and clear translation into foreign languages, whereas the prose of other writers more subtle in what they say offers great difficulties to one who would render its nuance, its variety, its cadence in another tongue. I suspect also that the vogue of Mr. Sinclair's books abroad may have been due in some measure to the fact that, like Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Sinclair has painted American life as Europeans like to think of America. One of Mr. Sinclair's exposés—say "Mammonart" or "The Brass Check"—must have given European intellectuals an agreeable feeling of understanding American culture and of having understood it all along. Mr. Sinclair has usually disclosed, so to speak, a Janus-faced image. That image has on one face Uncle Shylock and on the other face Uncle Sam. Uncle Shylock is a grasping capitalist, perhaps a munitions maker. Uncle Sam is the benevolent guardian of the oppressed who, at the last moment, as in French comedies of the nineteenth century, steps from the wings and rescues virtue in distress. In "Dragon Harvest," as an example, FDR is Uncle Sam and the American idle rich are Uncle Shylock.



—*Engstead*

Upton Sinclair makes "recent history easy reading for non-literary persons."

"Dragon Harvest" like its predecessors is a sort of medieval morality play. The seven deadly sins appear in the shape of historical characters—Hitler, Daladier, Chamberlain, the munitions makers, the rich, the corrupt, the idle, and the scenes are Munich, Poland, and so forth. Everyman (played by Lanny Budd) is allowed to appear in every scene, and is sometimes tempted to stray from the narrow path by Wealth (Lizbeth Holdenhurst), but he protects Good Deeds (Miss Creston) from Satan (Adolf Hitler), while All-Father (FDR) watches over him, so that we need not feel uneasy at any time.

As for the style, it sinks at times to the level of the radio serial, as in this passage:

> This highbrow conversation was interrupted by the breaking up of the Board meeting. The door from the library was opened, and Esther Remsen Budd came in. Did she feel any surprise at the tête-à-tête which she discovered in her sunroom? Had she felt any trace of suspicion some time ago when Lanny had suggested that she ought to cultivate the acquaintance of the librarian of her home town whom, naturally, she would know more about than her migratory stepson? She was the most self-contained of women and would never reveal an emotion unless she had weighed it and decided to do so.

Aside from the ambiguity of the syntax, does one not expect at any moment to hear the voice of the announcer: "Tune in on the next novel and follow the further fortunes of Lanny Budd?"

This is bad prose. It is bad prose for the same reason that Keats said certain poetry is bad. We dislike, he said, poetry that has too palpable a design upon us. Mr. Sinclair's prose has too palpable a design upon us. He

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does not trust our intelligence. He must explain everything. Take as an example this bit: "the French had a name for it, *la vie à trois*—life in threes." Or he employs sterotypes quite as insulting to the trained intelligence, as here: "The great fashion capital of the world was a hell of class antagonisms; to the workers the rich took the form of slavedrivers with whips, while to the rich the workers were wild beasts in cages—the bars being made, not of steel, but of laws and institutions which now seemed on the point of dissolving." Or this, on the same page: "This man of fashion, who had been called a playboy in his youth and still dressed and behaved like one, would stop in front of one of the kiosks and survey the reading matter on display." In the novels of Augusta Evans Wilson the rich "surveyed" reading matter in the potential mode and the author kindly translated French for the benefit of shopgirls, but mature art has long since outgrown these banalities.

Consider this as a transcript of human talk:

> "I should like to meet Henry Ford. I understand that his wife is interested in paintings and it would be a valuable connection for me."
>
> "He is not an easy man to meet, but I am sure that you would interest him greatly. I'll be glad to try to arrange it."
>
> "I have other business that will take me to Detroit and I plan to motor there shortly."
>
> The poet considered for a moment. "I, too, have business there. How would it do if you took me along? You could see Ford alone, of course."

This is the style in which dialogue used to be written for plays like "Thorns and Orange Blossoms."

Not all of the book is on this low level. Mr. Sinclair sometimes stumbles into literary virtue. He sometimes gives us scenes that are direct, vivid, and moving. The episode of the fake medium at Hitler's retreat has the interest of a detective story, for example, and there are glimpses into personalities and places that are fresh and good. But too much of his book is on a level that was once thought proper to the housemaid's limited mind. And a writer so utterly insensitive to the cadences of English, so dead to trite phrase and general balderdash, is not, and cannot be, a master of literary art.

What, then, is the value of the Lanny Budd series—for, after all, the Pulitzer committee granted its prize to one of these novels? What the series does is to make recent history easy reading for non-literary persons. One cannot be interested in the hero. Lanny Budd is too preposterous a figure, with too incredible an ability to turn up at every historical event to interest the skilled novel reader. His adventures among the ladies are without excitement because they are without passion; and they are without passion because he is the slave of history. He cannot make love because he must go to Paris or Berlin or London for the next conference, and the whole timing of the book is therefore in the hands of Clio and not of Upton Sinclair. Consequently, the hero lacking interest, the reader must look elsewhere for any enjoyment he can find; and that enjoyment is in history made easy.

The historical novel has seldom been reduced to simpler terms. Inasmuch as all the historical characters are alive or recently alive and the events are burned into everybody's memory, the author throws upon the reader the burden of animating these names, these events, these places. If Balzac once called himself the secretary of society, we can say of Mr. Sinclair that he is the stenographer of history. But his notes are in shorthand, and the transcription has the mechanical quality of office prose. Consequently, unless one wants to read history made deceptively easy, he will find "Dragon's Harvest" a badly written book.

When History Moved Too Slowly

THE RED PRELUDE. The Life of a Russian Terrorist. By David Footman. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1945. 267 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

IN March, 1881, Czar Alexander II was assassinated by a small group of Russian revolutionary youth organized in the party of the People's Will. The leader of the group was Andrei Ivanovich Zhelyabov, a member of the Executive Committee of the party, the main organizer of the attack on the Czar's life, who was executed for it along with five comrades, and later considered by Lenin to have been an ideal revolutionary leader. He was the son of a house servant and was thirty-one years old at the time of his death. Among his companions in the assassination and the execution was Sophia Lvovna Perovskaya and the daughter of a governor general of St. Petersburg.

Thus, Russian youth of both sexes and of all classes collaborated in the effort to overthrow the authoritarian regime of the Imperial Court. In their story, high daring, sacrificial idealism, and human, all too human foibles, combined in a conspirational struggle which was the result of the social and political backwardness of Russian society and was doomed to failure by it. They were an impatient youth for whom history moved too slowly and needed a push, as Zhelyabov himself expressed it: they undertook to storm the gates of Heaven before the road was laid out, and they paid the price. Fundamentally, they were a romantic youth trying to break the obsolete fetters of an oppressive society which did not allow them any scope for the creative expression of their individuality. They went about their task "with an essentially Russian combination of devotion to the cause, ruthlessness in the framing of policy, and ingenuity in its execution." They failed, but they left behind them an inspiration and a legend which did much to promote the success of their cause when its hour had come.

Little is known in the West of the struggles and problems of these men and women. Dostoievsky left us a hostile caricature of revolutionary youth in his novel "The Possessed." Mr. Footman now furnishes for the first time a comprehensive picture of the period and of its main actors. He has done so by writing a biography of Zhelyabov, whose life was by necessity intertwined with that of all the other revolutionaries of the period. He has had access to first-hand sources unknown or unavailable in the West. He has interviewed some of the last survivors of the period; he has studied its trends and manifestations carefully. From that well-founded background, he has drawn a vivid and entrancing picture of a dramatic period. The book is written with great skill; it is a very detailed account which will be of great use to any serious student of the period. In fact, the book will be welcomed by many because it will give them, much better than most contemporary journalistic reports, a real insight into the Russian character and background, its emotional fanaticism, and its legacy of violence and lawlessness. Though it does not try to establish any direct connection with the problems and situations of today nor to draw any moral, it should be warmly recommended to readers who seek serious instruction and actual facts.

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The Epic Dogface

UP FRONT. By Bill Mauldin. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1945. 227 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

BILL MAULDIN is the best cartoonist of the American footsoldier in this war, just as Bruce Bairnsfather was of the English Tommy in the last one. But Bairnsfather had the comic-paper and music-hall touch. Mauldin is far more the realist. The Englishman's "Old Bill," "Fragments from France," "The Better 'Ole," etc., conveyed the tedium of the trench warfare of that time. Mauldin deals with a war no less tedious, if more in the open. There is no music-hall touch about his work, but much humor of a typically American kind. There is the truth of the mud, blood, dirt, and sweat, and of the intolerable boredom. Mauldin's Willie and Joe are even more real than the British Old Bill, Bert, and Alf. And now, in this book, Mauldin has written thirty thousand words to accompany his pictures, words that show him as uncompromising a truth-teller with the typewriter as with the pencil. His text has the same biting humor that has gone into his drawings of weary, unshaven, sardonic dogfaces. It makes the whole a "must" book of the war.

Mauldin is for the Joes, and not so partial to the high brass; though he did his job well and got along with everybody. He knows the daily life of the men intimately and thoroughly. He writes without sentimentality, and, on the other hand, without false "toughness." And that's the way he draws. He was everywhere the doughfoots went in Italy, and studied his material at first hand and under fire. Particularly for the doughfoot, war is a dirty business, literally and figuratively. You could call Mauldin the doughfoot's Homer, only he isn't a bit like Homer. Neither was Anzio a bit like encrimsoned Scamander, though there has been more sheer heroism all along the line in this war, if you come to that, than there ever was on "the ringing plains of windy Troy."

It is interesting to note that in Bill Mauldin's cartoons and prose the common denominator of war, the genuine lowdown, the glaze-eyed comment of the fed-up and barrage-drunk footslogger, conveys that heroism. It isn't a thing of oratory or drama. It's a thing of heavy, grousing patience and stunned acceptance of a bogged-down and mud-plastered situation. The ambush of two Joes who see a German go by with a bottle, and tell each other not to startle him because the bottle is nearly full, is the sardonic side of the medal. But in the picture of two doggies sitting under a mudbank, up to their posteriors in water, with mines exploding back of them and bullets whining over them, you get the real pay-off. The caption reads, "Wisht I could stand up an' git some sleep." That is the unadulterated McCoy.

You get to know exactly how the front line regards the rear echelon; and how the battered veterans at a cafe table, for a change, look with a dead eye upon the swagger of those who don't yet really know what war is. You find them commenting upon the eupeptic appearance of a replacement right before his face. You find out just how they have what it takes, and also how they have absolutely no illusions concerning it. There is a wealth of evidence in this book. It will entertain you; but more, it will instruct you. It will show you just why, in the words of the late Wilfred Owen, the English poet and company commander killed on the Western Front in the last war, those who have not been through it are, in comparison with the ordinary G. I.'s who have borne the burden and heat—and mud and wet—of the day, "not worth their merriment." Personally, for his straight shooting, I'd give Bill Mauldin the Congressional Medal of Honor!

"Tell them leaflet people th' krauts ain't got time fer readin' today."

"This damn tree leaks."

"You Irishmen woulda lost this war without allies like Texas and Russia."

—From the book

"Damn fine road, men."

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Expression of Faith in Soviet Motives

THESE ARE THE RUSSIANS. By Richard E. Lauterbach. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 359 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM C. WHITE

RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH, correspondent for *Time-Life,* has written this book after a year in recent wartime Moscow. It is certainly the most readable of the many books on the Soviet Union. Lauterbach lived with the other correspondents in the Hotel Metropole. He took all the trips which other correspondents took. He collected anecdotes and little-known facts about the leaders of the Soviet Union. Where he could he talked with Soviet people.

He has neither searched for nor found new truths to explain Russians. But he does emphasize one point frequently overlooked: that the Russians are people, not robots, and as such have their hopes, plans, suspicions, and faith. He is no professional left-winger. He sometimes confuses the reporting of a good anecdote with the exhumation of vital fact. But he is no sucker for an official handout. And he writes no Uto-paean.

Far more important, after a year in wartime Moscow, with its limitations, drawbacks, and frustrations, he returns with complete faith in the honesty of the motives and in the sincerity of the Russians. He prefers to believe that the Russians want peace, and that reconstruction in Russia comes before everything else; and his last words are, "What's in it for us? Everything!"

During the past few weeks we have read that the Russians would not allow Americans in Berlin; that they were supporting a grab for Trieste; that they planned to run their part of Germany unilaterally; that they would sabotage the San Francisco conference; that they chose to keep the Polish question in darkness. From these charges it was a short step to other remarks made in various circles, high and low, military and civilian, remarks such as "While we still have our army in Europe why don't we move in and clean up the Reds now?" Others stated that the plan to redeploy troops from Europe was a great mistake, militarily and psychologically. Others added that after all the Red Army is only a third-rate army and can't cross rivers for a damn. One could confidently expect that the next step in this incredible campaign would be a concerted demand on Japan for airbases in our war on Russia.

Well, Americans are in Berlin; the Trieste matter has been arbitrated; the Russians have joined in a common plan for governing Germany; the conference at San Francisco has not been sabotaged; and light has been thrown in on the question of Poland. And a group of "Russian experts" have again been left dangling from their columns and their airwaves.

The answer to all this is fairly obvious and it is underscored in Lauterbach's book: wait for the full story before judging the Russians and hauling out the epithets. When reading vicious and premature comment on things Russian, it is well to ask "Why was it written?" There are still lots of people around who hate Hitler chiefly because he was foolish enough to attack Russia alone; if only his army and ours and the British could have teamed up, boy—we would have taken Stalingrad and Omsk and Tomsk as well.

Perhaps the most valuable chapter in Lauterbach's book and one that ought to be read into the Congressional Record is his tenth chapter, "The World from Moscow." We can stand on American soils and look East to Europe and see things that puzzle us. Too often we forget that the Russians look west and see just as many things that puzzle them, such as Argentina, Franco, and the Hearst papers. Lauterbach has collected a long list of these things and they are worth remembering in any discussion of Soviet-American relations.

A year in Moscow has left him with a constructive attitude toward Russia and the Russians. He is as right in his opinion as any of the present crop of anti-Soviet experts who haven't been near the Soviet Union for ten years.

"I am convinced," he writes, "that we can no longer afford the drawing room or editorial room pleasure of asking ourselves, 'Can we get along with Russia?'"

Richard E. Lauterbach: "we can no longer afford the . . . pleasure of asking ourselves, 'Can we get along with Russia?'"

We must and can get along with the Soviet Union.

There are plenty of things the Russians will have to learn about us before the gears grind smoothly. They are sometimes brash, sometimes too brusque, sometimes downright uncoöperative in the business of getting along or of international politics or anything else you want to call it. But we can be equally irritating to them. We have got to realize that there are going to be plenty of mistakes made and that Russia is going to make her share. We can help our relations with Russia by not having a public temper tantrum every time the Soviets do something which we consider wrong.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

WHO IS SHE?

In the 12 lines from well-known poems that are quoted below, can you identify the "she" in each? Allowing 8 points for each correct answer, a score of 56 is par, 72 is very good, and 88 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 30.

1. "Adieu!" she cried, and waved her lily hand.
2. And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
   In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered.
3. Her arms across her breast she laid;
   She was more fair than words can say.
4. Her gentle limbs did she undress, and lay down in her loveliness.
5. In vain she ran about for ease; she could do nothing now but sneeze.
6. "Let spades be trumps!" she said, and trumps they were.
7. She excels each mortal thing upon the dull earth dwelling.
8. She found me roots of relish sweet, and honey wild, and manna dew.
9. She had three lilies in her hand, and the stars in her hair were seven.
10. She had three fingers on her hand, and the hairs on her head were seven.
11. She put my arm about her waist, and made her smooth white shoulder bare, and all her yellow hair displaced.
12. She said, "I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead!"

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A Kaleidoscope of Life

THE SELECTED POEMS 1912-1944 OF ALFRED KREYMBORG. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1945. 319 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ALFRED KREYMBORG published his first book of poems, "Mushrooms," and his first anthology of other poets, "Others," back in 1916. That was the year before America's entrance into the First World War, when all the new movements in poetry were abounding: Imagism, Free Verse, Polyrhythms, and Polyphonic Prose. The poets that Kreymborg chose for "Others" included the less-well-known and, as he decided, the wrongly overlooked. His own poetry was free verse of a peculiarly quirky and puckish kind. One of his best-known early poems is

THE TREE

I am four monkeys.
One hangs from a limb,
tail-wise,
chattering at the earth;
another is cramming his belly with
cocoanut;
the third is up in the top branches,
quizzing the sky;
and the fourth—
he's chasing another monkey.
How many monkeys are you?

Some of these poems were quite slight, some contained shrewd wisdom. Since 1916 Kreymborg has published eleven books of poems, twelve of plays, nine of prose, and eight anthologies in all, including the well-known history of American poetry, "Our Singing Strength," and its accompanying collection of poems, "Lyric America," and also an anthology of plays in verse from the ancient Greeks to modern Americans which is unique in the poetic field.

Kreymborg's own poetry has developed in several directions. He has experimented with the sonnet and the ballad. He has tried rhyme and metre. But the more he has changed, the more he has remained the same Kreymborg. His strength is in the apothegm, in the particular refraction that light from beyond the spheres has for him, as it shines through the pool of experience. He says of an Intellectual:

What sort of giraffe does he think
he is,
Cropping off nuts and dates far
overhead?
Nibbling them loftily, nose in the
trees,
Teeth clipping haughtily well bred?

What ants in the dirt does he take
us for,
Myriad, average, sightless or dead?
Disdaining queries that scurry or
soar,
He drops shells and stones when the
meanings have fled.

He is one of the few poets who have spoken out about the war, but he is not fooled by our own domestic economy. In "Imperial Threat" he says:

No matter how a nation grows
It goes the way big business goes.

Or how the nation deviates
From what it was, disintegrates

And sell the millions to the few
At so much a week—Big business too.

Or shipping the millions overseas
To win imperial victories

To fatten those who have the might
To flatten those who have to fight:

Heaven ascending a hundred percent
For gods who make the armament

And Hell descending a hundred and one
Where clods have lost another sun.

This is Big Business: Those who live
On men and women who faithfully
give
Fortunes they possess to be
The saviors of democracy:

And what a word that is, my friends,
With all its deaths and dividends!

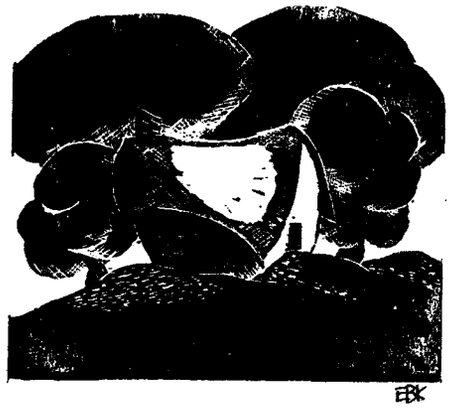
That is the poem of a modern William Blake. Kreymborg has always thought for himself. He used to like to think of himself as a good old meerschaum-smoking, tasseled-cap, chess-playing kind of German from a kinder, earlier era. He does play chess extremely well. But what Alfred really is is a sort of wandering troubadour. Indeed, his autobiography was called "Troubadour," and his preferred musical instrument, the mandolute, is famous. A sagacious liberal in politics, one who regards his fellow human beings with a decidedly quizzical eye.

But all this talk has merely led up to the fact that you can get Alfred's own selection from his many poems now in a most handsome single volume, and from it you will gain much instruction and amusement. I haven't told you half of what's in the book. It is as diverting a kaleidoscope of life as you can find!

How Poets Wrote of Poets

POET TO POET. A Treasury of Golden Criticism. Great Poems about Great Poets. Edited by Houston Peterson and William S. Lynch. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1945. 368 *pp.* $3.50.

SO many anthologies have there been that one that exploits a new idea is a rarity. Such is the anthology Houston Peterson, head of the famous Cooper Union Forum and professor at Rutgers, and William S. Lynch, his Cooper Union colleague, have compiled. Here, from Kit Smart on David, down to Auden on Yeats, are many distinguished poets writing of others. The editors contend that thus a literary criticism emerges more valuable than most criticism in prose; that when Elinor Wylie, for instance, wrote "A Red Carpet for Shelley" "she revealed more of herself and more of Shelley than the most learned treatise on 'influences' and 'sources.'" The late



Joyce Kilmer is known for one of his least poems, "Trees," but when you read his sonnet on Lionel Johnson you realize his distinction as well as that of the poet of whom he writes. Most of us could, offhand, name many poems by poets on poets, and they are all here; but there are unusual ones too, such as Samuel Taylor Coleridge's lines "On Donne's Poetry":

With Donne, whose muse on drome-
dary trots,
Wreathe iron pokers into true-love
knots;
Rhyme's sturdy cripple, fancy's maze
and clue,
Wit's forge and fire-blast, meaning's
press and screw.

Here you can find Alfred Tennyson's alcaics on Milton, and also something as modern as Allen Tate's "Mr. Pope":

And he who dribbled couplets like a
snake
Coiled to a lithe precision in the sun,
Is missing. The jar is empty; you
may break
It only to find that Mr. Pope is gone.

What requisitions of a verity
Prompted the wit and rage between
his teeth
One cannot say; around a crooked
tree
A moral climbs whose name should
be a wreath.

Here is Lord Byron on Tasso, as well as Karl Shapiro on Poe. The ransacking of English literature has been tolerably complete, which makes this a book for the special shelf of any poetry lover.

W. R. B.

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Military Ebb and Flow

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER. By Everett Holles. New York: Howell, Soskin & Co. 1945. 366 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WAVERLEY ROOT

IT is my private opinion, bolstered by the study of textbooks on tactics and strategy, that there is little more to military science than the application of common sense; and, indeed, it is difficult to take seriously, in 1945, a "science" which has learned nothing essentially new since the Battle of Cannae. This belief seems to be corroborated by the ease with which gifted civilians assume the direction of strategy, as did Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, and Hitler. It is difficult to imagine any parallel cases of achievement by the technically untrained in such genuine sciences as say, chemistry or mathematics.

Military movements also have never seemed to me to be the dynamos of history, but only the ephemeral sparks which they emit, providing, perhaps, a spectacle worthy of momentary and passing attention, but one incapable of engaging the mind profoundly or for any extended period. To me, therefore, the recitals of military advances and retreats, the accounts of the winning or loss of unknown towns, accidentally rescued from obscurity by a moment of disaster and destined to return thereafter to their former undistinguished anonymity, have always appeared dull—particularly as their recording usually dooms an author to the use of the meagre and colorless vocabulary of military jargon.

I suspect that Mr. Holles himself finds the record of the military movements of this war, from the North African campaigns on, which he has set down in his book, somewhat short of fascinating, for he remarks that "a great battle is something that no one man can see or understand, much less describe." I should like to enter an exception here for Stephen Crane and Stendhal, among others, but, of course, Mr. Holles is not attempting to rival them. All he has tried to do is to write clearly and directly the running story of the military ebb and flow, and that he has done with accuracy. The limitations of his book are those which he imposed upon himself; and at them he sometimes appears to chafe.

He seems to have determined to restrict himself to recording the facts and refraining from any criticism. This gives an almost Pollyanna-ish quality to his war, but on the rare occasions when he permits himself a passing comment, it appears that he might have gone deeper into the violent emotions and the passionate oppositions which lay behind the military movements, if he had so desired. Thus he reflects momentarily that "it seems to be the nature of the American people to justify their wars in phrases of lofty idealism" and writes that in Italy "we stumbled and groped, without any idea of how to go about making good on the promises we had given to the people." But such passages are extremely rare. In general, Mr. Holles has repressed rigidly any desire he may have felt to do anything except report the bare facts.

For the person who wishes the unadorned record of the military movements, as the journalist, not the technician, would present them, this book will be useful. It keeps the chronology straight and the details, with a few minor slips, exact. It does not, as a careless blurb writer says on the jacket, "survey the entire European war, each of its campaigns and all of its strategy," for, in keeping with the author's title, it does not concern the period of Germany's conquest of Europe, but covers only that part of the war in which its war machine ran down.

Everett Holles "has repressed any desire to do anything except report the bare facts."

Mr. Holles has perhaps strained a little too much at one or two points to make his text accord with the title. I simply do not believe that the words "unconditional surrender" were actually pronounced to Admiral Darlan, not so much because this was before the Casablanca conference at which President Roosevelt first enunciated this objective, but because the situation was never one in which such a phrase could reasonably have been used. (Incidentally Mr. Holles has and added a few maps. omitted entirely the account of the manner in which Algiers was taken from within by French resistance fighters.) Again, it is to be doubted that the term "unconditional surrender" was used in the case of Italy either. Certainly it was not an unconditional surrender which made Badoglio Premier of Italy, whatever it may have been called. I doubt if it was ever called that to the Italians, whose contacts with the Allies began considerably earlier than the first date at which Mr. Holles reports them.

There are a few other slips in Mr. Holles's book—not many. His account of the Vichy-German argument after General Giraud's escape is not exact. I doubt also his conversation between an unnamed naval officer and a similarly unidentified admiral in Oran when the Americans arrived, which might better have been replaced by the authentic story of the similar passage between General Bethouart and Governor General Noguès. His assumption that Stalin's public complaints against Anglo-American slowness in opening a second front were a put-up job among the Allies to deceive the Germans isn't the way I heard it. Finally, Mr. Holles is wrong when he writes that "Paris . . . decided to liberate itself, and almost succeeded." It did succeed. The Germans had (and here Mr. Holles missed a chance to get his title in once more) unconditionally surrendered to the F. F. I. before any Allied troops reached the city. But we can hardly blame the author for this minor error, for no one yet has published the complete account of the freeing of Paris.

These few slips are not enough to invalidate the service which Mr. Holles has performed in boiling down the day-by-day correspondents' reports on military movements into a single volume for handy reference. His publishers, incidentally, performed a minor mechanical triumph of bookmaking by setting a publication date of May 25 on a book which recounts the surrender in Berlin on May 8. Myself, I wish they had taken a little more time

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 585)

W. E. SEDGWICK:
**HERMAN MELVILLE*
[The Tragedy of Mind]

One form which Melville's heartiness took was an exuberant patriotism . . . "to America was given an express dispensation. . . . We Americans . . . the Israel of our time, bear the Ark of the liberties of the world . . . to be dispensed among all mankind."

*Harvard University Press, 1944.

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When Different Cultures Meet

THE DYNAMICS OF CULTURE CHANGE. By Bronislaw Malinowski. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1945. 171 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

ANYONE who has tried to integrate scattered fragments of his own writing into a unified whole will take off his hat to Dr. Phyllis M. Kaberry. She has done a much harder job and done it well. From a wide variety of published articles, manuscript drafts, and mere unfinished notes she has pieced together a coherent volume representing the final message of the late Dr. Malinowski to the scientific world and especially to anthropologists, missionaries, colonial administrators, and others concerned with "native peoples." There is inevitably more or less repetition, but it serves to drive home the main point.

Dr. Malinowski provides an outstanding example of the way in which the misfortunes of Europe between the two world wars have benefitted America. He was one of the thousands of uncommonly gifted men who might have remained in their own countries (Poland in his case) if Europe had been blessed with peace, prosperity, and freedom instead of being an armed camp full of hatred and preparation for war. During World War I he was engaged in a study of the Trobriand Islands, just east of New Guinea. His report on the primitive people there is an anthropological "classic." Later Malinowski went to the London School of Economics, and finally came to Yale where he died in 1942.

In the present little volume Africa is used as an example whereby to illustrate a vital anthropological principle. The central theme is that, when the cultures of advanced and primitive people come into close contact, the result is not a mixture of the two, but something new. The natives do not simply borrow from the white man, as is commonly stated. Even in so simple a matter as dress only the most exotic African wears our clothes as we wear them. The great majority alter our fashions, make new combinations, exercise their own choice as to colors and patterns, and pay little attention to the minor details which characterize the well-dressed person according to our standards. In other matters there is a far greater tendency for the creation of something new—something which is partly European, partly African, but in reality new. For example, even the most earnest native Christians generally mix their Christianity with considerably more than a trace of their tribal belief in witchcraft. Very few have the strength of mind to accept not merely the beliefs, but the practices of the missionaries in respect to sexual self-control. Such conditions mean that a distinctly new form of religion arises, a form which contains large European elements, some African elements, and almost invariably certain elements which did not previously exist in either culture. Our choice of this example does not mean that Malinowski depreciates missionary effort. The opposite is the case. The number of times that he speaks with admiration of missionary work in contrast to the selfish activities of traders and exploiters is impressive.

In order to emphasize the fact that the contact between diverse types of culture produces a third type which is something quite different from either Malinokski devotes much space to elaborating a table designed for use by anthropologists in making their observations. The headings of the table are (1) the European culture, (2) the new or intermediate culture, and (3) the native culture in the exact form in which it now exists, and (4) native culture as it was formerly, before it came in contact with the white man. Most anthropologists have been primarily interested in ferreting out everything possible about primitive cultures before they were modified by any outside influence whatever. Malinowski thinks that, although this may be interesting historically, it is wasted work so far as the practical problems of today are concerned. His plea is that anthropology should get away from its old concentration on the past, on the primitive, and on what seems to us bizarre, and get down to earth. If the anthropologists would work as hard to discover what *is* as they work to discover what *has been*, they might, he thinks, be a potent factor in raising the general level of all sorts of relationships between the cultures of Europe and Africa.

" The Dynamics of Culture Change" is not an easy book to read. Much of it is technical, many sentences are hard to understand because they are so complicated—with a length of at least 134 words in one case. Nevertheless, it carries a message which is of the first importance to anthropologists and all other serious students of "race relations."

Throughout this book, as in most anthropological writings, there runs a serious defect. The author talks about "the possibility of a complete transformation of an African tribe into a Black European community." To do this, he says, "it would be necessary to equip the new community with all those requirements, mostly material, on which a Western Community must be founded. . . . Granting this, we can produce a bigger and better Harlem or parts of Jamaica, or the Southern States *anywhere* in Africa." Note the italicized word. To a geographer, such as the reviewer, the sentence last quoted seems strangely sweeping. Harlem, Jamaica, and our South lie in distinct geographical environments and their cultures have become adapted to such environments. Could similar cultures be established and thrive in the densely forested section of the Congo basin, in the desert of Sahara, or in parts of the Sudan where grass grows twelve feet high in two months and eight months are rainless and blisteringly hot? Although Malinowski's work is much to be admired, it fails to take due account of two out of the three factors which lie at the back of human conduct. It ascribes practically everything to "culture," dismisses physical environment with a few words about diet, and does not even raise the question whether there are any hereditary differences between one group and another of Africans. It assumes that, if the appropriate materials can be provided, everything which is possible for white men in a physical environment like that of England is also possible for Hottentots in the Kalahari Desert, Pygmies in the densest tropical forest, or Masai in the cool uplands of the high plateau in Kenya. The word *anywhere* can mean no less than this. The blame for so inadequate a point of view lies not with Malinowski, but with anthropology in general.

—*Esther Henderson*

Bronislaw Malinowski, "an example of the way the misfortunes of Europe have benefitted America."

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The Decision in the U.S. Post-Office vs. Esquire Case

EDITOR'S NOTE: *On June 4, in the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, District of Columbia, Associate Justice Thurman Arnold read a decision against the Postmaster General in his attempt to bar the magazine* Esquire *from the second-class mails. This decision, the editors believe, is the most important American legal opinion involving freedom from censorship and suppression since the famous "Ulysses" decision by Judge John Munro Woolsey, December, 1933. The complete text (minus footnotes) of Judge Arnold's opinion follows herewith.*

ESQUIRE is a well-known magazine of general circulation. It contains stories, articles, literary, and dramatic reviews. Its contributors include distinguished authors, clergymen, and professors in our best educational institutions.

The Postmaster General revoked the second-class mailing privileges of this magazine, not on the ground of obscenity but because he thought its dominant purpose was to publish writings and pictures described in his order as being "in that obscure and treacherous borderland zone where the average person hesitates to find them technically obscene, but still may see ample proof that they are morally improper and not for the public welfare and the public good." The revocation order would cost *Esquire* about $500,000 a year and put it in such a disadvantageous competitive position that it probably could not continue as a current magazine of general circulation.

The theory of the ruling depriving *Esquire* of second-class mailing privileges, while at the same time permitting it to be mailed at higher rates, is stated by the Postmaster General as follows: "A publication to enjoy *these unique mail privileges* [emphasis added] . . . is bound to do more than refrain from disseminating material which is obscene or bordering on the obscene. It is under a positive duty to contribute to the public good and the public welfare."

No doubt such a duty exists. But it does not follow that an administrative official may be delegated the power first to determine what is good for the public to read and then to force compliance with his ideas by putting editors who do not follow them at a competitive disadvantage. It is inconceivable that Congress intended to delegate such power to an administrative official or that the exercise of such power, if delegated, could be held constitutional. Congress established the second-class mailing privileges because it believed that periodicals which disseminated public information, literature, art, or science deserved to be encouraged on account of their contribution as a class to the public good. But the American way of obtaining that kind of contribution is by giving competitive opportunity to men of different tastes and different ideas, not by compelling conformity to the taste or ideas of any government official. This basic idea has nowhere been more eloquently expressed than in the famous quotation from Mr. Justice Holmes, dissenting in *Abrams* v. *United States:*

> But when men have realized that time has upset many fighting faiths, they may come to believe even more than they believe the very foundations of their own conduct that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas,—that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market; and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes safely can be carried out. That, at any rate, is the theory of our Constitution.

What the Government appears to assert is that the power to charge *Esquire* an additional $500,000 a year for use of the mails, unless it conforms to the Postmaster General's notions of the public good, is not a power to censor because the magazine may be mailed at the higher rate. The key to an understanding of this extraordinary contention is found in the Postmaster General's reference to second-class mailing rates as "unique privileges." He appears to think of his duty under the statute, not as administration of nondiscriminatory rates for a public service, but as analogous to the award of the Navy E for industrial contributions to the war. The Navy E is an award for exceptional merit. The second-class mailing rate is conceived by the Post Office to be an award for resisting the temptation to publish material which offends persons of refinement.

—Sam Rosenburg

Justice Arnold: "We hope this is the last time a government agency will attempt to compel the acceptance of its literary or moral standards . . ."

But mail service is not a special privilege. It is a highway over which all business must travel. The rates charged on this highway must not discriminate between competing businesses of the same kind. If the Interstate Commerce Commission were delegated the power to give lower rates to such manufacturers as in its judgment were contributing to the public good the exercise of that power would be clearly unconstitutional. Such a situation would involve freedom of competitive enterprise. The case before us involves freedom of speech as well.

Little more need be said to decide this case. Nevertheless, since we hope that this is the last time that a government agency will attempt to compel the acceptance of its literary or moral standards relating to material admittedly not obscene, the voluminous record may serve as a useful reminder of the kind of mental confusion which always accompanies such censorship.

THE first source of that confusion is, of course, the age old question when a scantily clad lady is art, and when she is highly improper. Some refined persons are hopeful that an answer to this vexing riddle may some day be found. Others are pessimistic. But whichever school eventually proves correct it is clear from the following cross-examination of one of the expert witnesses for the Post Office that the problem had not yet been solved when the record in this case went to press:

> Q. Now that you have heard Mr. O'Brien, could you tell me in your opinion whether that picture is decent or indecent? A. Well, taking the expression of the picture and who the person is and what her attitude in life is, I think it is decent. I think the purpose for which you do things in life has a great deal to do with it. It is the motive in those pictures which is harmful.
>
> Q. Will you look at this Exhibit 133, and tell me if this picture is decent or indecent? A. I think I am being trapped, Your Honor.
>
> Q. You found that out, haven't you? A. Yes. I knew I was going to be trapped when I came here and I know I shall be in every column tomorrow.
>
> Q. You haven't been reading the news-

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papers, have you? A. I read Dr. Marshall's testimony yesterday.

Q. You did? A. Yes.

Q. Now, just where and how are you being trapped? A. I am trying to be made a prude. I am not a prude.

Q. Well, would you mind telling me if that picture is decent or indecent? A. If I had a daughter I shouldn't like to have her photograph in that costume. I have no daughter, I have only sons.

Q. Is that your criterion for decency, Madam? A. My criterion for decency is anything that is proper, in order, certainly not harmful to human dignity. This woman is evidently by the ocean. I see the ocean there. She has probably come in and out of the ocean and if she stays there all right for me, but I do not wish to see that picture displayed except where it belongs. I believe in suitability, suitability; I don't like the picture. It is not pleasing to me and to my eye because I don't believe in such poses.

Now, I am going to be raked, I know, over the coals by those people over there for being a prude. No, I am not a prude. I know I am not a prude; I am a dignified woman who believes in life being lived for a purpose.

Have you ever been to the headquarters of the National Education Society and seen the statue of Horace Mann: "Be not afraid to die unless you have won some victory for humanity?" Do you think this sort of thing is winning a victory? I don't.

Q. Well, do you think it is decent or indecent? A. I think it is indecent. You force me to an answer. I say it is indecent for a picture, not for the beach. You asked me about the picture. Now, I don't know that young lady. On the beach I think it would be all right, but not as a picture to be published in a magazine.

Q. This picture, Exhibit 131, do you think it is decent or indecent? A. I object to it very much.

Q. Do you think it is decent or indecent? A. Do I have to answer, Your Honor?

Q. I wish you would, please. A. It is a matter of please?

Q Yes. A. Then I refuse to answer. You have shown me enough. You know my state of mind.

Q. Now, why do you refuse to answer? A. Because I will be misinterpreted.

A SECOND source of confusion in determining what kind of literature furthers public welfare is the dividing line between refined humor and low comedy. To illustrate the difficulty inherent in this problem we cite the following colloquy between counsel for the Post Office and counsel for *Esquire*. It is typical of hundreds of similar instances.

Mr. Bromley: I would like to know, Mr. Hassell, if you don't mind telling me now, just what it is in that article you don't like. I can't find it.

Mr. Hassell: I would be glad to read it to counsel.

Mr. Bromley: Thank you.

Mr. Hassell: Third column at the bottom of page 144. "He noticed how large the uniform made her behind look."

It may be that the above encourages the use of unscientific terms. Or it may be that it is in the public interest to omit all comment on the part of the lady referred to. Yet it is difficult to make such judgments with the feeling of certainty which one should have when the result of one's decision is to cost a publication $500,000 annually.

This same kind of uncertainty appears in a third problem which must be faced whenever this censorship is exercised. How far will this reform of periodical literature go if the Postmaster General is given a free hand? For example, recently *The New York Times* (on Sunday, of all days!) carried the following quip by Mayor LaGuardia on the front page where few churchgoers could fail to see it:

> Sorry. Racing does no one any good. It has nothing to do with horses. It has as much bearing on improving the breed of horses as a bawdy house has on eugenics.

Does this mean that *The New York Times* will lose its second-class mailing privileges if it does not stop that sort of thing?

The Postmaster General gives serious consideration to this aspect of the problem. His conclusion is that occasional indifference to the public welfare may be indulged by an editor provided that it is not so frequent as to be classed as a habit. His opinion puts it in this way:

> When such writings or pictures occur in isolated instances their dangerous tendencies and malignant qualities may be considered of lesser importance.
>
> When, however, they become a dominant and systematic feature they most certainly cannot be said to be for the public good, and a publication which uses them in that manner is not making the "special contribution to the public welfare" which Congress intended by the Fourth condition.

The Postmaster General appears to think that the improper dominant motive which he suspects from reading *Esquire* is corroborated by its editor's statement. He quotes the editor as follows:

> The editor of this publication admits that from its origin "our humor and our articles and our fiction all stressed a man alone angle—you might call it a stag party type of treatment," and testified "we called it the smoking room type of humor."

Now it is well known that when men gather together without the companionship of women an unrefined atmosphere is apt to spread over the entire gathering like a fog. And so the Post Office argues that only an editor indifferent to the public welfare would permit an atmosphere of this kind to dominate his magazine.

Unfortunately this still leaves the dividing line between an occasional vulgar lapse and a vulgar dominant purpose in a good deal of obscurity. It also leaves unsettled the question who is finally to decide what the dominant purpose is. For example, when we turn to the record we find that the weight of the evidence is that the magazine as a whole is unobjectionable. Far more witnesses testified against the Postmaster General's conclusion, than for it. They included men of national distinction as writers, scientists, and educators. They also included the vigilant New England Watch and Ward Society. The Postmaster General is supported only by five clergymen, a psychiatrist, a lady prominent in women's organizations, and an assistant superintendent of schools. In this situation, assuming the existence of the power to censor, may a court review the issue of dominant vulgarity on its merits?

THE answer of the Government is an unqualified *no*. It contends with some reason that this court has no right to review the Postmaster General's notions of dominant vulgarity if they are supported by substantial evidence. It argues even more persuasively that no right-minded man can brush aside as insubstantial the opinions of five clergymen (among whom is a bishop) on what is good for the public.

We think the Government is clearly right in its contention once the power claimed by the Post Office is assumed to exist. There is a practical reason, apart from respect for the testimony of clergymen, why the administrative imposition of literary and artistic standards cannot be reviewed by a court on its merits. Opinions on such matters differ so widely that if the evidence in the record before the Post Office were to be weighed each side would have to continue calling witnesses indefinitely in order not to be outweighed by the other. We have no doubt that thousands of reputable experts on the public good could have been obtained by each side in this case. We know of no way a court can evaluate the comparative expert qualifications of persons who hold opinions on what the public should read. Once we admit the power claimed here we see no room for effective judicial review of its exercise. And so in practical effect it amounts to a power in the Postmaster General to impose the standards of

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any reputable minority group on the while nation.

In addition, the record suggests that the power claimed here would be used by sincere and conscientious officials to bind modern periodical literature to the standards of a former generation. This is dramatically illustrated by the cross-examination of H. L. Mencken, who appeared as a witness for *Esquire*. No one today would question either Mr. Mencken's eminence or his complete respectability. Yet counsel for the Post Office attempts to impeach his testimony because about twenty years ago an issue of the *American Mercury* was refused all mailing privileges. It would be difficult to find anyone today who could with reason object to this issue of the magazine. The attempt to impeach Mr. Mencken on this account reads as follows:

Q. Mr. Mencken, you are the author of a story called "Hat-Rack," aren't you? A. I am not, sir.

Q. You published it in your magazine? A. I did, sir.

Q. That story had to deal with some sexual activity in a boxcar or freight car? A. Not specifically. It dealt with people who engaged in sexual activity, but there was no scene of sexual activity in the story.

Q. What "Hat-Rack" the name of the woman who did that? A. Nickname. Did you ask who wrote it?

Q. No, sir; I did not. A. I will tell you if you want to know. It was written by Herbert Asbury, the great grandnephew of Bishop Asbury, the first American Methodist bishop.

Chairman Myers: For whom De Pauw University was originally named.

The witness: I didn't know that. There was a report that Asbury was the great-grandson of the Bishop, but the Bishop actually was a bachelor. He is a great-grandson of the Bishop's brother.

By Mr. Hassell:

Q. Mr. Mencken, was the issue of your magazine containing that story declared non-mailable by the Post Office Department? A. Yes, sir. I think you ought to let me explain what happened, if you care to.

Q. Yes, sir; go right ahead. A. The Post Office entered that case rather late. An effort was made in Boston to suppress the magazine as a measure of revenge by the Boston Watch and Ward Society, which we had been denouncing. They proceeded by threatening a newsdealer. The poor newsdealer had no stake in the thing and was willing to subside and withdraw the magazine, so I went to Boston and sold the magazine myself on Boston Common and insisted on the Watch and Ward Society arresting me.

I was arrested, tried and acquitted.

Meanwhile, subsequent to my arrest, and four or five weeks subsequent to the time the magazine had gone through the mails, the Post Office Department issued an order barring it from the mails. It was a purely imaginary order. There were no more to be mailed.

So I went to court on that and I had injunctions against the Post Office by two Federal judges, both of whom denounced the Post Office as obscene, indecent, unfair and ignominious.

I agreed with the verdict thoroughly and believe it was just to this minute.

The Post Office tried to hit me in the back when I was fighting with the filthy Comstocks in Boston. I fought the Comstocks and I fought the Post Office, and I put my magazine back in the mails and they have never molested me since.

Q. Didn't the Federal Court in New York refuse to issue an injunction as the case was moot? A. That is not precisely what happened. I had my injunction in the district courts of Boston and in New York, and the Post Office, pursuing its filthy course of trying to prosecute me, appealed to the Circuit and the Circuit after two years decided that the case was completey moot because we were in point of fact through the mails. They decided I could not get relief because the Post Office barring me from the mails was completely dishonest—I wasn't an applicant to the mails.

The three examples cited above effectively illustrate the intellectual standards required for the kind of censorship exercised in this case.

We intend no criticism of counsel for the Post Office. They were faced with an impossible task. They undertook it with sincerity. But their very sincerity makes the record useful as a memorial to commemorate the utter confusion and lack of intelligible standards which can never be escaped when that task is attempted. We believe that the Post Office officials should experience a feeling of relief if they are limited to the more prosaic function of seeing to it that "neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

Reversed and Remanded.

Some Typical American Humor

PRIVATE PURKEY'S PRIVATE PEACE. By H. I. Phillips. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1945. 134 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

THIS small volume from the illuminated typewriter of H. I. Phillips forecasts the troubles of the peace table and sets forth a symbolic and simple solution. Equipped with neither crystal ball nor ephemeris, Mr. Phillips (who has never taken a nickel for the use of his strange powers) prophesies solely by the device of reason, which has been known to betray its best friends. The revelation came to Mr. Phillips some months before V-E Day, and was highly inaccurate as to detail. It picked the right winner and it was correct about the squabbles which have arisen. The manner in which it solved them is something which we can only hope will come to pass. If Oscar Purkey, Matt Hollis, and Handpress Hermie Feinstein are in the house, will they please stand up?

Private Purkey, according to Mr. Phillips, was taking a nap on a manure pile somewhere in Germany when the war ended. Before long he and his buddies realized that peace was more difficult for them than war. In combat they were occupied and had a goal, the accomplishment of which would end their long exile from home. Now, waiting to be shipped back, they are put to menial tasks, and in their hours of recreation they hear over the radio loud bickerings among the big shots. The war is won, and now, while their wives wait, the peace is falling apart. Thereupon Private Purkey and his friends draw up a GI Blueprint for peace. In Paris after a few drinks of a mysterious and potent beverage, they crash a meeting of a subdivision of the peace conference. As they are being thrown out the blueprint falls into the hands of the newspapermen. The rest is history, and very happy history. The boys become heroes to the world, the common people demand that the Purkey slogan "No Double Talk" be adopted at the peace conference, and the trio is flown home to take part in a bond drive. Everybody quotes the blueprint, dotting on the sentence, "We got the idea the soldiers, sailors, Marines, ground crews, medics, Wacs, Waves, and everybody else in the war was never so scared of anything at the front as they are scared that the job they have tried to do will have to be done over."

It would be nice if all this came to pass, but for the present it might be wise to classify Mr. Phillips's prophecy, with the rest of his writing, as typical American humor—a little sentimental, a little corny, and very true.

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5,000 Frenchmen Had to Be Right

WHEN THE FRENCH WERE HERE. By Stephan Bonsal. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1945. 263 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

COLONEL BONSAL has few peers in the extent and variety of his successive and parallel professions. War correspondent and soldier, diplomatist and traveler, author and government adviser, he has lived a full life of fourscore years in the midst of history in the making. His writing of history profits from this relevant knowledge and experience. Both America and France are the richer for his painstaking research into a critical period of our Revolutionary War. His account of Rochambeau in America and his report of the Yorktown campaign show a clear understanding of military problems. More than that, it is history of unique charm and urbanity. Its sense of values, its perception of human nature and the social conditions of the Revolutionary period distinguish this readable and completely delightful book from the dusty harvest of the pedantic annalist.

Rochambeau and the five thousand French troops who sailed with him from Brest in May, 1870, played an indispensable part in Washington's victory at Yorktown. And yet, if the average American were asked about Rochambeau and de Grasse who gained command of the sea for a few momentous weeks, the chances are he would reply, "Never heard of them."

To do something about this ignorance or neglect is well worth while, especially when a writer of Colonel Bonsal's ability and fitness undertakes the task. His work is obviously a labor of love—payment of a debt of gratitude to his old friend Clemenceau. Nevertheless, the book is notably objective. Colonel Bonsal quotes extensively from contemporary official documents, letters, diaries, and memoirs to enliven his pages with many hitherto unpublished details. Thanks to him, the memory of a great French soldier and his troops will not perish, at least for the readers of this book who will find this episode in history vividly recreated.

In the Spring of 1780 the port of embarkation for the French Expeditionary Force was Brest where a large part of the A.E.F. landed in 1917 and '18. French infantry regiments, famed in history, assembled in that port together with medical, engineer, artillery, and cavalry detachments. After months of depressing and disappointing delay, the convoy finally set sail on May 2, 1780. Seventy days later the transports and battleships anchored off Newport, R. I.

On the way over Rochambeau read his letter of instructions from Louis XVI. The king made it perfectly clear that Washington was the supreme commander, and that he intended:

> I. That the General to whom His Majesty entrusted the command of his troops should always and in all cases be under the command of General Washington.
>
> II. That the projects and plans for the campaign, or for private expeditions, should be decided upon by the American General, keeping in view the harmony which His Majesty hopes to see maintained between the two commanders in chief as well as the generals and the soldiers of the two nations.

The king refers to the French troops in this very precise letter as "only auxiliaries," although when Washington finally started his march to Yorktown the "auxiliaries" were twice as numerous as Washington's own American troops. Certainly Rochambeau obeyed the letter and the spirit of this order. If he had not, Washington could never in later years have written him:

> We have been contemporaries and fellow laborers in the cause of liberty, and we have lived together as brothers should do in harmonious friendship.

The perfect unity of command that resulted is exceptional in allied operations. It reflects great glory on both Washington and Rochambeau.

Rochambeau and posterity had reason to wonder why Washington did not hasten to welcome the French general in person. Colonel Bonsal has discovered the motive. He "avoided the French camp at Newport and only came at last to the meeting at Hartford with a reluctance which was not wholly concealed" because he feared to leave the American camp. He considered that his absence would "be injurious to our affairs," which were certainly in a critical condition. And so there is an explanation for the strange fact that, although Rochambeau landed in America on July 10, 1780, he and Washington did not meet until May 21, 1781.

The objective they chose was the British army under General Clinton in New York, although Rochambeau preferred a campaign in the south. Colonel Bonsal's research has brought to light the reasons for the change in a plan of campaign that resulted in the Yorktown expedition. But before setting out for Virginia, we accompany Rochambeau and his regiments on their journey to the Hudson where at last the American and the French troops were united.

The renowned feat of the march of 400 miles to Yorktown with complete surprise to the British army in New York is graphically described. While the siege of Yorktown is well told, the unusual fascination of this book lies not in the comparatively brief pages devoted to its one scene of combat, but rather in the extracts from the letters and diaries of the Frenchmen who record their impressions of General Washington, the American army, and the civilians, men and women, whom they encountered. In the many histories of our Revolution, there are few precedents for the felicitous blending of authentic detail with genuine human interest that distinguishes this book. Colonel Bonsal has been announced as the winner of the Pulitzer Prize for history in 1944. His latest volume also merits an accolade for another brilliant contribution to the history of our country.

—By John Trumbull, courtesy Gallery of Fine Arts, Yale.
French Officers in Surrender of Lord Cornwallis

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"MISCELLANEOUS MERCHANDISE"

THE following letter has been sent to Joseph Clark Baldwin, member of Congress representing the district in which The Saturday Review *is located, and to Representative Thomas G. Burch, chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads:*

Dear Congressman:

One of your colleagues, Representative Charles E. McKenzie, of Louisiana, introduced a bill on May 16 which has the effect of increasing postage rates for books. We hope you will agree with us that the bill is bad and that the principle behind it is as offensive as it is indefensible.

We are not going to apologize for calling this matter to your attention at a time when truly historic issues concerning America and the world are before Congress. After all, this bill was not our idea. It was the idea of your colleague, and it has gone far enough in Committee to indicate that it may be brought before the House itself. We should like to tell you why we believe this bill warrants your opposition.

In 1879, Congress established a privileged postal category known as "second-class mail." It was privileged because it enabled certain types of reading matter to be carried in the mails at a sharply reduced rate from the regular first-class mail. The reduction wasn't primarily a matter of quicker delivery for first-class mail than for second-class mail. The reduction was established because the United States Government was properly anxious to encourage the free flow of information and knowledge. The Government's position was that it was prepared not only to carry mail of this character without profit, but that it was ready to carry it at a loss as a public service.

As you know, newspapers and magazines were made the beneficiaries of this regulation. But until 1938, books suffered heavily by comparison. Thus, the second-class mailing privilege was in effect discriminatory legislation favoring periodicals. Then, in 1938, President Roosevelt erased the preferential treatment, ordering a reduction in the postal rate for books to 1½ cents per pound, and exempting them from the complicated and expensive zoning regulations. This took books out of the category of "Miscellaneous merchandise" in which they had been placed by the Post Office and raised them to a self-respecting level. In issuing his order, President Roosevelt declared that the move was long overdue and that it was required in order to further the "cultural growth, education, and development of the American people."

But now it is proposed in Congress to dust off the "miscellaneous merchandise" label again and stick it back on books. The bill by Congressman McKenzie now being considered in Committee would knock the props out from under President Roosevelt's order and would restore the obnoxious zoning system of postal rates. At present a book can be sent anywhere in the United States at a flat rate; if Mr. McKenzie's bill is adopted, sending books through the mail would be a job for a mathematical wizard—that is, if he could afford it. The country is split into a number of postal zones, and the new rates would be increased as the distance increases from a shipping point. Thus, the new bill could hike mailing rates on books by as much as 300 per cent.

This issue has nothing to do with the ability of publishers to pay. Many of them are doing a considerable volume of business these days and probably wouldn't have to close shop if the increased rates went into effect. But we understand that the U. S. Bureau of Internal Revenue is the Government agency assigned to cope with that particular problem, if problem it be. So far as this particular bill is concerned, however, the issue is fairly simple:

If newspapers and magazines are regarded as providing information and knowledge for the American public, and are, therefore, entitled to special consideration, by what process of reasoning or logic are books excluded?

This is not the first time that the Post Office or its spokesmen in Congress have demonstrated a curious antipathy toward books. Regularly, over the years, the Post Office has given evidence that its old classification of books as "miscellaneous merchandise" was no accident. Only last year, in the strange case of "Strange Fruit," by Lillian Smith, an attempt was made to exclude the book from the mails because of what postal censors interpreted to be "obscenity." Parenthetically, may we commend to your attention a highly important essay on this subject by Justice Thurman Arnold, who wasn't at all impressed with the efforts of the Post Office to safeguard the morals of this country, and frankly told the postal officials that their job was to deliver the mails and not to bother unduly about the content?

It is too much to expect respect for books to blossom where only scorn or suspicion grew before. We certainly do not propose to force any Congressman or any postal official to read a book regardless of disposition or nature. But we should like to make the point that there are enough people in this country who do not regard books as "miscellaneous merchandise" to constitute an effective force. And we did say force.

—The Editors,
The Saturday Review of Literature.

Hold to a Living Dream

By Lieut. (j. g.) Jesse Stuart

HOLD to a living dream if you have one
For dream is not akin to dirt and stone,
What is more precious here beneath the sun
Than human dream, this something that you own
Created by your heart and pulsing brain
At any hour, through death's throes of sleep,
Or when you wake and walk in white spring rain,
Or in your youth or when the late years creep?
Remember stones will crumble, dirt will loose
An avalanche of dream in tender spring
To bud and flower into a luscious fruit . . .
Winter, this dream will not be anything.
Only your dream has value and can last,
This best your pulsing brain and heart did give
From your substantial or your shattered past
That flowered when you gave it breath to live.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Common or Garden Variety—"

SIR: It is positively and definitely amazing; it is even disgusting and certainly is absolutely preposterous, even more so. I wish to protest heartily and vigorously on the too constant usage of, the eternal reiteration of the supposedly descriptive phrase, "the garden variety." Every lecturer I hear describes some deed or act or thing as of the "common or garden variety." Every article or book contains such allusions. I am greatly puzzled, I am ineffably disturbed.

I do not wish to cavil, but for the sake of clarity and accuracy let me point out that gardens may ordinarily be of the following varieties:

I. the vegetable garden
II. the flower garden

And of course for the sake of absolute accuracy and true scientific precision we must add:

III. the mixed vegetable and flower garden

Then there is in addition the symbolic or allegorical garden such as, "the garden of my dreams," a "garden of verses" and such. This, too, must be given full cognizance, hence in all fairness we must also add this to the garden classification. Thus we have:

IV. the esoteric spiritual and mental garden

Now can you see why I am perplexed? To which garden does the author or lecturer refer?

What connotations, what subtle nuances of meaning may be present with each and every one of these?

And it is infinitely more perplexing when one considers the multitudinous possible sub-divisions of all these gardens. For example, the No. 1 classification, the ordinary vegetable garden, may be further sub-divided into:

(1) those in which onions and garlic are growing
(2) those in which onions and garlic are not growing

Or similarly to another discerning mind:

(1) those which are overrun with lady bugs
(2) those which are overrun with stink bugs
(3) *etcetera, ad infinitum,* and even *ad nauseum*

Many other sub-classifications and varieties are of course possible as one can readily see.

Flower gardens, too, are of many varieties. Roughly we may first divide them into:

I. those growing rare and exotic flowers like orchids
II. those growing only the common or garden variety—!x!

Ye Gods.

HERBERT E. HIPPS.

Somewhere in the Pacific.

Key to the Puzzle

SIR: As a result of editorial cutting, or a printer's lapse, one of the sentences in my review of Ernst Cassirer's "Rousseau—Kant—Goethe" may well have puzzled anyone who came on it. As printed, it read: "The first credits Jean-Jacques with having awakened the son of Konigsberg 'from dogmatic slumber,' with having presented new questions to his mind and 'stimulated him to new solutions;' while the second underlines the similarities in the world-views of the great critical philosopher, to whom 'a priori knowledge disclosed no distinctive and independent realm beyond experience,' who admitted no ultimate difference between 'poetry' and 'truth'." The sentence should have concluded: ". . . the great critical philosopher, to whom 'a priori knowledge disclosed no distinctive and independent realm beyond experience,' and the great poet of experience, who admitted no ultimate difference between 'poetry' and 'truth.'"

BEN RAY REDMAN.

New York, N. Y.

"Home Fears Burning"

SIR: As a buck private of the last war and now as a physician engaged in industrial medicine where first hand contact is made with the returned soldier entering industry, I wish to add my amen to the article of William S. Lynch and the editorial of Harrison Smith. With them, I suspect pandering on the part of those writers who predict wholesale insanity among our citizenry. Neither count is true but they serve to sell an article to unwitting periodicals.

In my conversations with the returned veteran it has been obvious that he realizes there have been profiteers, unpatriotic strikes, and selfish politicians. But he appreciates that their prototypes exist in his own outfit as goldbrickers and handshakers.

What authority or training in psychiatry or psychology have these "hooey" writers had? It is time the public should be told that it can expect that those who entered the service mentally unstable will come back so, or even more so. But the public should also be told that, with a small percentage of exceptions, the lads who went into service with all their "commies" will come home to behave even as you and I. They did after the last war. Admitting that this war is more terrifying, the ability of the American lad to take it has not changed. As a physician, I prescribe

℞

A normal attitude by the American people.

Sig: To be taken daily towards all veterans.

R. T. JOHNSTONE, M.D.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Say It Again

SIR: My erudite friend, Bernard Sobel, is referred not only to Rabelais's proposed title for a book, *Antipericatametaparhengedamphicribrationes* and Costard's *honorificabilitudinitatibus,* in "Love's Labor Lost," but also to the original Mexican for country curates, *viz.*: *Notlazomahnitzteopixcatatzins,* and the Nipmuck word in Eliot's "Indian Bible," *Wutteppesittukqussunnoowehtunkquoh,* which means "kneeling down to him," in the remote event that he isn't acquainted with them already.

One thing to be said for such words: they defy the punsters. Or do they?

CLARK KINNAIRD.

New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

WHEN JOSEPH C. GREW was visiting in Atlanta recently, he found himself seated next to Margaret Mitchell at dinner. "I mentally determined not to mention 'Gone With the Wind,'" he told John William Rogers. "But somehow we both found ourselves talking about it within two minutes. She discussed it as something with which she had no personal connection, but which she enjoyed talking about. And when she found I had never seen the film, she remarked she thought there was a print of it in town at the moment and she would try to get it run off for me. She arranged things and the next day I went to her home. The two of us sat watching it for four and a half hours—she for the eleventh and a half time—laughing and crying, taking as fresh and detached delight in it as if it were her first time, and she had nothing to do with it but enjoy it." . . .

THE STORY OF HOW the role of Scarlett O'Hara finally was filled in the screen version of "Gone With the Wind" is not generally known, and will bear retelling.

You may recall the reams of publicity that accompanied the casting of this picture, with contests sponsored all over the country to single out an unknown beauty for the leading part. Folks in the know in Hollywood regarded all this as the usual malarky, and it was generally expected that either Joan Bennett or Paulette Goddard would win the coveted contract. David Selznick called a press conference for a Friday morning to announce the full cast of the picture; the preceding weekend, Miss Bennett and Miss Goddard both were guests of the Selznicks, and, coy but confident, assured each other a dozen times, "I just know it's going to be you, my dear!"

On Wednesday, there appeared at the busy agency of David Selznick's brother Myron, a young English actor named Laurence Olivier, who signed a contract appointing the Selznick office his legal representative. "There's going to be quite a show at David's studio tomorrow night," Myron mentioned casually. "They're planning to burn down the Atlanta sets for the Margaret Mitchell picture. Want to come with me?" "Sure," said Olivier. "Can I bring a girl with me?" "Why not?" said Myron.

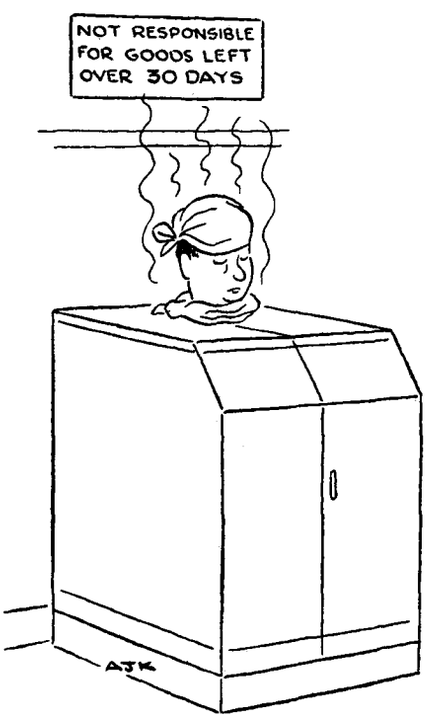
The next night, Olivier appeared on the set with Miss Vivian Leigh. She had played a small part in "A Yank at Oxford," but was lost and unnoticed among the galaxy of stars that had turned out for the show.

A torch was applied to the massive sets, and a red glow lit the evening sky. Miss Leigh watched entranced, her profile etched sharply against the dancing flames. Myron noticed her, gulped, and tugged brother David by the arm. "Come with me," he commanded, "and see Scarlett O'Hara watching the burning of Atlanta."

That was Thursday night. The next morning, while reporters were gathering in the outer office, Selznick made a silent, photographic test of Vivian Leigh, and stood in the dark room while it was developed. A few minutes later he made the public announcement. An unheralded English girl, who had never so much as laid eyes on the script of "Gone With the Wind," was to play one of the most publicized roles in the history of motion pictures. . . .

NO NOVEL OF THE PAST several seasons has given me more genuine delight than William Maxwell's "The Folded Leaf" (Harper's), a sensitive and profound study of the friendship of two boys, utterly unlike, first in grade school, and then in college. I recommend it unreservedly.

One of Maxwell's chief characters, the boy Lymie Peters, tells a story that he says he found in a book of German legends. Taxed by me over the phone, Maxwell admitted that he made up the story himself. He gave me permission to reprint it here:



"There was a man who had a coat which was woven in the design of a snakeskin but softer than velvet. He lived in a cold country but when he wore the coat he did not know whether it was winter or summer out, and at night when he fell asleep, it was with the coat spread over his blanket, so that he was as warm in his unheated balcony as his neighbors were who had tiled stoves to sleep on. And he still was not happy. He was perpetually examining his elbows to see whether they were beginning to wear out. He was haunted night and day by the thought that this year perhaps or the next but certainly some day his beautiful snakeskin coat would wear out, and then he would be cold again. One night in a dream the man saw himself giving the coat away to a beggar, and the light and the happiness from the dream lasted just long enough, after he had awakened, for him to see that that was what he must do with the coat—give it away. He sat all day with the coat across his knees, just inside the front door of his house, waiting. And although it was a part of town where many beggars lived and although seldom a day passed that one of them didn't come to his door asking for something, this day there wasn't a one.

"Toward nightfall, as he was about to give up his search, there were steps outside and he rushed out and found that a very rich man, with his horse and his two servants, was about to enter his house. He knew that the man was rich because he had fur on his collar and silver on his bridle and silver spurs on his heels. Without waiting to find out what had brought the rich man there, he pressed the coat on him and ran back into the house and locked the door. Almost immediately he realized that something was wrong, that he had acted in confusion, but by that time the rich man and his two servants were almost out of sight and he was ashamed to run through the streets after them.

"Instead of a coat to keep him warm that night, a coat which was woven in the design of a snakeskin but softer than velvet, he had only a slight hope that the rich man, in spite of the fur on his collar and the silver on his bridle and spurs, would understand the value of what had been given to him and would find some use for it. And even so, he slept better than he had slept in a long time." . . .

HARPER'S MAGAZINE points out that there are some writers who have to their credit one book that *everybody* knows, but whose lesser works have been almost entirely forgotten. Can you name *two* books, for instance, by any of the following? 1. John Bunyan. 2. Harriet Beecher Stowe. 3. Lew Wal-

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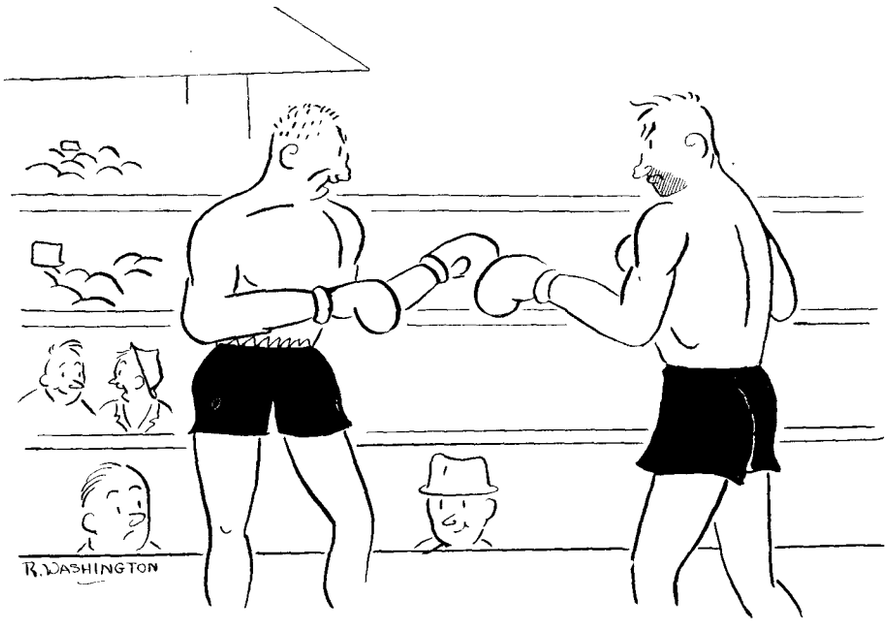

"Step outside n' say that!"

lace. 4. Frances Hodgson Burnett. 5. Boccaccio. 6. Isaak Walton. 7. Walt Whitman. 8. Norman Douglas. 9. Stephen Crane. 10 Samuel Johnson. 11. Cervantes. 12 Richard Henry Dana. 13. Daniel Defoe. 14. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. If you succeed on more than four of these authors, you're a walking literary encyclopedia! Here are the answers:

1. "Pilgrim's Progress"; "Grace Abounding"; "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman."
2. "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; "Dred: A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp"; "The Minister's Wooing."
3. "Ben Hur"; "The Prince of India"; "The Fair God."
4. "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; "Editha's Burglar"; "The Secret Garden."
5. "The Decameron"; "Filostrato."
6. "The Compleat Angler"; "The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, etc."
7. "Leaves of Grass"; "Democratic Vistas"; "Goodbye My Fancy."
8. "South Wind"; "In the Beginning"; "Old Calabria."
9. "The Red Badge of Courage"; "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets."
10. "Dictionary of the English Language"; "The Vanity of Human Wishes"; "Rasselas."
11. "Don Quixote"; "Novelas Ejemplares"; "Persiles y Sigismunda."
12. "Two Years Before the Mast"; "The Seaman's Friend"; "To Cuba and Back."
13. "Robinson Crusoe"; "Moll Flanders"; "Roxana."
14. "The Story of a Bad Boy"; "The Stillwater Tragedy"; "Marjorie Daw and Other People." . . .

ON THE SUBJECT OF QUIZZES, "Information Please" is still way out in front on the radio, despite the fact that the public may be getting a bit too familiar with both the formula and the cast of characters. You may recall that a $500 war bond goes to anybody who can pose a three-part question that is missed entirely by the assembled experts. Last Fall an Army Corporal became one of the few to accomplish this feat when he submitted the following: "Identify these characters from novels which were later made into movies: 1. In the book he gets seasick from a cigar; in the movie from consuming six ice cream sodas. 2. In the book he disappears off a boat; in the movie he is destroyed in a burning mill. 3. In the book her husband poisons her; in the movie they are reconciled."

The answers are: 1. Harvey Cheyne in Kipling's "Captains Courageous." 2. The monster in Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein." 3. Lina in Frances Iles's "Before the Fact" (screened under the title of "Suspicion"). Not only did everybody draw a blank the first time this question was posed, but a few months later Fadiman himself missed it completely when Fred Allen pinch-hit as master of ceremonies and gave Kip a taste of his own medicine. . . .

THE PRIZE STORY OF the week comes from *The Tribune*. During the hottest fighting on Okinawa, it appears that a fanatical Jap detachment came tearing over a ridge in a typical suicide charge. In the vanguard was a Jap officer, brandishing his Samurai sword. He got close enough to a tank to hack at the treads. A Yank gunner popped his head out of the turret and yelled, "Hey, you jerk, quit nicking my souvenir!"

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

That Girl From Memphis by WILBUR DANIEL STEELE is a novel with as much punch as its striking jacket drawn by *John Alan Maxwell*. On this jacket is Beulah City. The girl in the foreground is "Bird" Birdwarden, a former prostitute with too much on the ball for her own good. Her bodice is by Allure; gloves by Vamp, choker by Garnett Cannon, the young man behind her who is just the guy who could do it. On the hill behind "Bird" and Garnett is the brownstone eyesore, "Bird's" idea of how to spend the profits of Crease Atcheson's mine. Guests in the eyesore include Kinka Swen, a broken-down sporting girl; Ingrid Considine, a French singer with very little voice; and Dolly Soogar, a fancy lady from Memphis with an accidental baby.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Will your teen-age kid have compulsory military training? *Generals in the White House* tells the answer, gives the reasons.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A famous English author has said that in England the stately homes are "rather in the lurch," and it will take many centuries of rolling, watering, praying, and rolling before the fine English greensward will again present its Sunday best to bowlers, strollers, afternoon teas, and Lady Wavertree's Cairngorm terrier. But in America, every Friday night there are trainloads of tired men bound for suburbia, whose fancies, now that summer is here, lightly turn to thoughts of crabgrass. Somehow there is no sight so satisfying in the heat of summer as **Better Lawns** cool from chlorophyll, drunk with nitrates, and no sight so distressing as burnt frazzle of backyard, worn from badminton, and suffering from loss of essential chemicals. **Better Lawns,** by HOWARD B. SPRAGUE, will tell you how you can have a lawn worthy of staining your white flannels.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

ASHLEY DUKES raised the question some seventeen years ago. If I remember correctly, he raised it at about the time that the Theatre Guild was reviving "Volpone" in New York. "Volpone," as we then saw and enjoyed it, was a product more mongrel in its ancestry than are all of Adam's present-day descendants. It came near to being what George S. Kaufman, (of whom more anon), once described as an illegitimate daughter of an illegitimate son of an illegitimate nephew of Napoleon. Its very illegitimacy increased the pleasure it provided as a current offering of our legitimate stage.

This "Volpone" told the same story of the avaricious old fox that Ben Jonson had told. Yet it did not tell it in the remote language of Jonson's day. The tones of Big Ben were no longer his. At least the words had ceased to be. His text came to us not from Jacobean England but from the Weimar Republic. His comedy had suffered both a sea and calendar change which made it more understandable, to those who were not scholars, than the original could have pretended to be. Stefan Zweig had, as they say, rendered "Volpone" into modern German. From his adaptation it had been retranslated into contemporary English.

I could not help thinking of Mr. Dukes as last week I sat unhappily before the "Hollywood Pinafore."* Mr. Dukes, you see, was pondering the problem of translations. And, to put it mildly, Mr. Kaufman's Sunset Boulevard version of that famous operetta, the subtitle of which has now been changed from "The Lass That Loved a Sailor" to "The Lad Who Loved a Salary," *is* a translation.

As a thoughtful critic, Mr. Dukes was considering the lengthened, because renewed, life that translations might bring to classics. Being British, his first concern was naturally Shakespeare. He might just as well, however, have been considering Ibsen as Thornton Wilder sought to bring "A Doll's House" closer to us by dispensing with William Archer's antimacassar phrases. Or Chekhov as Stark Young, in his luminous and witty version, brought "The Sea Gull" nearer to us in time and spirit than any of his previous English translators had done.

In "The World to Play With," a collection of essays which bear rereading, Mr. Dukes noted the relentless and inevitable changes that have altered the English language since Shakespeare's day. He indicated that these changes, which are bound to be augmented by each passing year, have already tended to create a certain barrier between Shakespeare's vocabulary and the full understanding of later-day audiences.

Although admitting his worries were as yet blessedly premature, Mr. Dukes foresaw the dark day when, from the popular point of view, Shakespeare might join Chaucer and Spenser as one of the revered incomprehensibles of early English poetry. His fear was that the very "Bardolatry" of the English-speaking world might in time undo the Bard in this world because of its refusal to have anything done to him. In other words, that, because among us Shakespeare's language is sacrosanct, men would not dare to modernize it.

Mr. Dukes wondered if those countries where Shakespeare is well translated might not one day understand him better, in the theatre at any rate, than those lands where he is played in the original tongue. Instead of Shakespeare in modern dress, Mr. Dukes argued that the theatre may yet have to "present Shakespeare in modern speech, to the rage of scholars, the glee of journalists, and the perplexity of honest playgoers."

Although Mr. Dukes did not get around to Gilbert and Sullivan, the pity is that Mr. Kaufman did. Mr. Kaufman is not the first to have translated the works of the real rulers of the House of Savoy into literary and musical idioms unsuspected by Queen Victoria. Of recent years "The Mikado" has blown "hot." It has also been "swung." In both cases the results reached peaks of high merriment. Even now "H.M.S. Pinafore," as skippered by the great and indestructible Bill Robinson is, I gather, tied up happily at another New York playhouse, camouflaged as a tale about a stranded troupe on a show-boat.

In spite of the fact that I am one who happens to prefer my Gilbert and Sullivan neat—my Shakespeare, too—I can relish such dilutions. Their point and value as translations are plain enough. Unquestionably, in Mr. Dukes's sense, they do extend the life of the originals by rejuvenating them. The value of blood transfusions is that your veins play host to blood both new and alien.

—Vandamm Studio

William Gaxton and Victor Moore cannot save "this 'Pinafore' from Broadway's Davey Jones's locker."

Had Mr. Kaufman stopped at the far points to which his adventurous predecessors have gone; had he retold Gilbert's story in terms that were in any way equivalent; indeed, had he kept the good ship "Pinafore" afloat instead of drydocking her in Hollywood—I, for one, might have been happy in the result as a stunt.

But Mr. Kaufman's idea of being a translator is apparently to forget the original rather than remember it. He does more than throw the baby out with the bath. He drowns the baby in the bath before getting rid of both. He appears to feel that if, while blindfolded, he holds a copy of "Pinafore" in his hands and recites "Once in a Lifetime" from memory, he is translating Gilbert.

Transplanting, however, is not translation. Writing a parody is at best a feeble gesture towards creation. That Mr. Kaufman does transplant the original, no one can deny. He literally yanks it from its native habitat. The only trouble is that in its new surroundings it shrivels, withers, and dies, much as a primrose might perish, were it asked to function at the North Pole as a smiling symbol of spring.

Mr. Kaufman, as both Heaven and Mr. Morgenthau know, is one of the modern theatre's most exceptional talents. Our stage does not boast a man wiser in its needs or ways. The wisecrack is something he snaps as precisely as a ringmaster his whip. Few people in our time have created heartier laughter and provided more fun

**HOLLYWOOD PINAFORE, with music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and W. S. Gilbert's book and lyrics revised by George S. Kaufman. Directed by Mr. Kaufman. Ballet by Antony Tudor. Settings by Jo Mielziner. Presented by Max Gordon at the Alvin Theatre. With a cast including William Gaxton, Victor Moore, Shirley Booth, Gilbert Russell, etc.*

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Bob Kennedy • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE NATIONAL COMPANY
OKLAHOMA
NOW—Forrest Theatre, Philadelphia

MICHAEL TODD presents
"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS · Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS · Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
BROADWAY THEATRE at 53rd ST. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Have YOU seen them in
LIFE WITH FATHER?
EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way at 40th St.

THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
MAX GORDON presents
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40 Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH in
A Bell for Adano
by PAUL OSBORN
from JOHN HERSEY'S Pulitzer Prize Winning Novel
with MARGO
Directed by H. C. POTTER
CORT Thea., W. 48th St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

than Mr. Kaufman has. Without him our stage would suffer a partial eclipse. He serves Shubert Alley as its Congreve and its Aristophanes. His business is other people's pleasure. No Broadwayite can be more amusing than he.

In the case of the "Hollywood Pinafore," however, Mr. Kaufman has been undone by mathematics; in spite of his sophistication, he is still trusting enough to have believed that one and one always make two. He knows that "Pinafore" is funny. He also knows, as who does not, that Hollywood is even funnier. By combining the two, he doubtless felt the result would be foolproof. Twice as funny. Elementary, my dear Watson.

The new lyrics Mr. Kaufman has written for W. S. Gilbert (who was not so bad at lyrics himself) are amusing enough as such parodies go. Their rhymes are inventive; their satire is often savage; their spirit gay. They are far, far cleverer than such rewritings are apt to be.

But a little of this kind of fooling goes too long a way, and too much of it does not go far enough. In a Hasty Pudding show a whole evening of such lean-to jokes might quicken parental pride. A single number at the Dutch Treat Club's annual dinner might justify a bevy of encores. Yet for a whole evening, to put it politely, these derivative antics prove dampening, if not extinguishing. Especially, when in the name of sport, a Hollywood studio is known as the Pinafore Pictures, Inc. And in a laborious plot, concerned with producing "The Raven," Dick Deadeye bobs up brightly as Dick Live-Eye, and Dear Little Buttercup, now a Hollywood columnist called Louhedda Hopsons (get it?), as Dear Little Butter-Up.

The proof of how sour is the pudding is that Victor Moore, who alone can do no wrong, and who with William Gaxton is almost certain to do right, cannot save this particular version of "Pinafore" from whatever is Broadway's equivalent of Davey Jones's locker.

All through the evening you keep feeling, so far as this translation is concerned, that here is the kind of show George S. Kaufman should have been called in to help on. Failing him, W. S. Gilbert might have been all right.

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HARPER

Touchstones of Civil Liberties

SAFEGUARDING CIVIL LIBERTY TODAY. Ithaca: Cornell University Press. 1945. 158 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROGER BALDWIN

AMONG a number of awards made by Edward L. Bernays, New York public relations counsel, a year or so ago to promote democracy, was one to his alma mater, Cornell, to finance a series of lectures on civil liberty. Five lectures were given, two by Cornell professors, two by federal authorities, and one by a professor-editor. Cornell University has now published them in a little book together with an address on academic freedom by President Edmund E. Day.

The five authorities secured to present the series were Professors Carl F. Becker and Robert E. Cushman, Attorney General Francis Biddle, James Lawrence Fly, then chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, and Max Lerner, editor of *PM*. With their diverse approaches to a common liberalism, their lectures presumably would have charted the wide field adequately. But taken together they fail to make a comprehensive picture, and further, they make surprisingly discouraging reading. All the lecturers, including President Day, look with dark foreboding on the problems of democracy and civil liberty in the United States. Their skepticism rises not from our war record, conceded to be exceptionally good, but from doubt as to the ability of democratic forces to win out against established power and special privilege. Professor Becker, speaking on "Political Freedom: American Style," posing the central question, whether we can achieve "equality of possessions and opportunity and at the same time preserve freedom of the individual," concludes that we might "if we are willing to pay the price." The price is the large order of overhauling our political foundations and "adapting them to the complex problems of our time."

Max Lerner, posing the same issue as "socialism," concludes that we have already arrived in the United States at the "surveillance" state on the way quite possibly to the "police state," and of course the end of all liberties. He is alarmed both by the resistance of the conservatives and the passivity of the majority to the necessarily radical changes needed to insure full employment, democracy, race equality, and individual liberty.

Mr. Fly, with less alarm at the obstacles, is concerned with the enormous powers exercised by monopolies in communications, and the vast difficulties of achieving diversity in ownership, competition, and freedom of the public to read and listen. With less implied skepticism of democratic achievement he poses the problems, the tendencies, the goals, and the frail beginnings of public control.

Professor Cushman, discussing public opinion, finds it "confused and timid" on civil liberties, the courts inadequate, and Congress quite impossible. He calls for a new leadership among the professions and the citizenry.

Attorney General Biddle devotes his lecture to a rather technical exposition of federal law in relation to civil rights, pointing out some progress in recent Supreme Court decisions, in the activities of the Department of Justice, and in awakened public interest.

President Day's address to students, made a few weeks after the lecture series concluded, dealt with the need of guarding freedom for universities, pointed up by attacks on Cornell for the recent course in Russian civilization as subversive, for the civil liberties lectures as capitulation to New Dealers, and for the establishment of a school of labor relations as surrender to labor. He conceded that "the prospects for freedom brighten over the generations" but today "the skies are clouded and the shadows deepen."

It is difficult for me to recognize in these lectures the major contemporary tendencies. While one may concur in the analysis of all the evils and obstacles, there is little sense of the transition through which the world is passing or of the dynamics of democratic progress. A far more adequate and hopeful picture would emerge if the lines had been sketched of the rise of the darker peoples, the vast growth in the political and economic power of labor, the expansion of democratic demands internationally under the impact of war, and the drive toward protection of human rights internationally.

It is of course inescapable that, in appraising the great conflict between a declining and emerging order, interpretations should proceed from selected evidence. These lectures on the whole select the obstacles presented by the resistance of entrenched power. They miss a whole world of more hopeful evidence lying under the surface which would have made the series a more fruitful and stimulating contribution to the literature of democracy.

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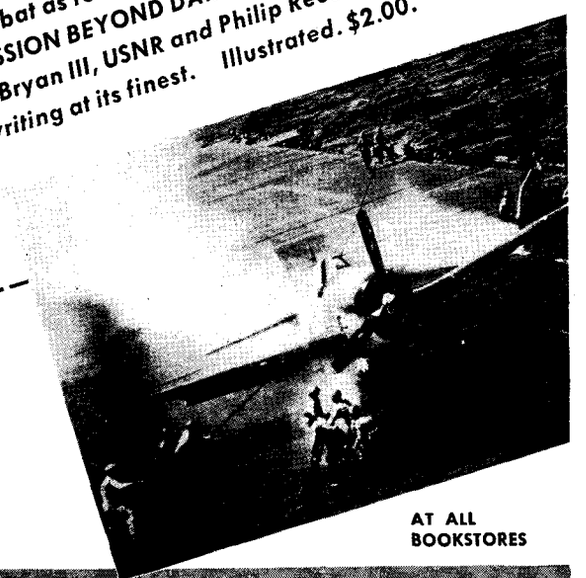

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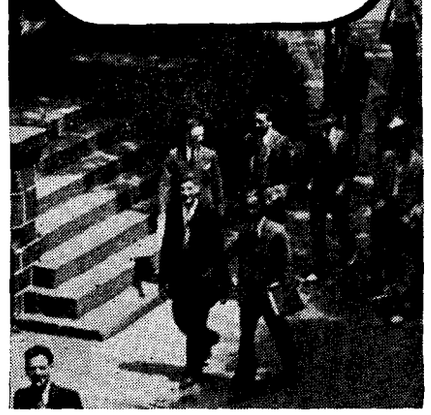

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The Rear End of the Act

THE TROJAN BROTHERS. By Pamela Hansford Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 300 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

SIDNEY NICHOLS was the hindquarters of the famous horse which, with his partner Benny Castelli in front, paraded the music-halls of England in the years after the last war. The act was called The Trojan Brothers, and the farcical, impudent animal was brought on to the stage by Benny's wife, known in the profession as Miss Maggie. Sid came of a family long connected with the stage: Miss Johnson, in this brilliant and moving story, is extraordinarily successful in her description of the variety world. The bars and eating-places between Glasshouse Street, back of Piccadilly, and the Roman's in the Strand; the glare and smell of hot dressing-rooms; the generosity and pettiness and childishness of the artists; the excitements and depressions; the extreme chances and changes—all of these are given with ease and assurance. In the overall picture of one aspect of London life "The Trojan Brothers" is in the true Dickens tradition, and can stand with Mr. Patrick Hamilton's incisive etchings of the darker corners of the great city.

When the story opens Sid Nichols, through the peephole in the horse's side, has recognized his cousin Betty Todd in a box. Betty is the daughter of Aunt Madge who disgraced the family by going wrong with a gentleman, who married her "just in time." Since the marriage to this wealthy bloke, Madge and her daughter have had nothing to do with their common relations; but Sid met Betty once, in their teens, and has cherished for her an obsession of hate. Part of the act of the Trojan Brothers is for the horse to sauce people in the audience; and Sid gallops up to the box and ticks Betty off. From that start and the subsequent interview in the dressing-room, when the Todds come to demand from Sid an apology he refuses to give, the story is a study in infatuation. Sid frighteningly aware of the birth in him of a second self, who desires and loathes Betty; Betty—she is a self-dramatizing piece whose real character has long ago been smothered by snobbery, ambition, and self-deception—is infatuated with Sid. A young girl, Anne Levin, whom Sid in casual generosity befriends, is devoted to him; and throughout the book is traced the strange triple bond, of comradeship, affection, admiration, and disgust, between Sid, Benny, and Maggie.

All the main characters are astonishingly life-like; and Miss Johnson shows unusual skill in giving the reader, by a phrase or an incident, a key to the nature of these people—the primness and possessiveness of Maggie, the humility and occasional fury of Benny, the greedy, self-pitying lust of Betty and her essential vulgarity, the tender understanding of Hockaby, the female impersonator, the simple, anxious goodness of Mrs. Nichols, Sid's mother. Sid himself, the widower who, since his wife died in childbirth, thinks of himself as her murderer, Sid with his wild gaiety, his audacity, his self-confidence is admirably portrayed throughout the book, and not least when his infatuation for Betty drives him over the edge of control and leads to her death and his own. Miss Johnson's only failure, I think, is the portrait of Anna. Up to the last book she is beautifully drawn from the moment when she sits, lovely and immobile, weeping over her untasted luncheon until the day Sid insists on her leaving the Trojan Brothers (she has substituted for Maggie while that trouper was carrying a child): after this her childlike and frank love for Sid, her dislike for Betty are not overemphasized. But Miss Johnson wavers into uneasy melodrama when she drives Anna into the position of a half-unconscious accessory to Sid's murder of Betty. Anna is too imaginative, too brave to allow herself thus to drift into this role. Still, in so ambitious and successful a novel as "The Trojan Brothers" this hurried disposal of a character who, I fancy, grew more important than her maker intended, is a small fault.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 104

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 104 *will be found in the next issue.*

G BKAX TCLPHMPZ KA

HDCNLX MPBXEDFLPXB NGFL

NSGEFMPZCV; GPH XSLP G

SVFP.

—OLGXB—LPHVFMKP.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 103

THE VOCABULARY OF AN ENLIGHTENED SOCIETY IS PHILOSOPHICAL, THAT OF A HALF-CIVILIZED PEOPLE IS POETICAL. —T. B. MACAULAY.

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Wherever news hawks gather to talk shop you hear Bob Casey mentioned with affection and admiration—with the stories and legends that have built up around him in his thirty-odd years as "a newspaperman himself."

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Whatever he sees and writes about in his own vivid and picturesque language, the reader is there with him. His war stories have been hailed by seasoned newspapermen as literature as well as history.

Photograph by Time and Life in Paris

ERNIE PYLE: (after reading SUCH INTERESTING PEOPLE off the Okinawa beachhead) —"I only wish I could hear Bob Casey tell all those stories in person, lying on his cot in France, and roaring and shaking with his own laughter. Bob's laughter would be good for us now."

LINTON WELLS said (in reviewing I CAN'T FORGET) —"If I were asked to name the most competent craftsman in the field of foreign correspondence, my unhesitating choice would be that amiable, redoubtable Irishman, Robert J. Casey."

QUENTIN REYNOLDS: "Casey was so far ahead of us not only in reportorial ability but in sheer writing that, instead of being jealous of him, we were merely proud that he was a member of our profession."

JOHN SELBY: (of the Associated Press) "When this war is done, it will be books like Robert J. Casey's TORPEDO JUNCTION that we will rely upon for the story of when and how."

TIME MAGAZINE: "Correspondent Casey has seen this war in all its peculiar phases and helped mightily in making the Chicago *Daily News* foreign service the best in the U. S."

BOB CASEY also did a fine job of reporting World War I. His diary of that war was published in 1927 under the title THE CANNONEERS HAVE HAIRY EARS and was an immediate success. That wasn't his first book, however, and even a bare list of his books reflects his versatility and his standing as a man of letters. THE LAND OF HAUNTED CASTLES, was published in 1921, followed by THE LOST KINGDOM OF BURGUNDY in 1923. There were a succession of other books: THE GENTLEMAN IN ARMOR, BAGHDAD AND POINTS EAST, FOUR FACES OF SIVA, EASTER ISLAND. He wrote five mysteries, all set in Chicago: THE SECRET OF 37 HARDY STREET, THE SECRET OF THE BUNGALOW, NEWS REEL, HOT ICE, THE THIRD OWL. He wrote a romantic adventure, CAMBODIAN QUEST, and an uproarious satire, THE VOICE OF THE LOBSTER. And who can forget the collection of his own humorous verse in THE VEST POCKET ANTHOLOGY? His three most recent books, probably his best known and most successful, are I CAN'T FORGET (1941), TORPEDO JUNCTION (1942) and SUCH INTERESTING PEOPLE (1943).

HIS new book, THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN, will be published in July. This is the story of Casey's latest experiences—of his days with the men of the British Fleet, of the miracle of D-day and the D-plus days through Normandy to Paris and on to the Siegfried Line. It is pure Casey, shrewd, observant, lively, packed with stories of the Londoners under the buzz bombs, the sailors on the landing ships, the GI's on the beachheads, the French farmers who milked their cows as tanks ground through their hedgerows, the children who played around the command posts. At last he stood on a hill outside Longwy and watched the broken German columns winding out of France. He had stood on the same hill in 1940 and seen the terrible armor of Germany roll into France. "I think I'll go home," said Bob Casey. "This is where I came in."

Robert J. Casey

P.S. Mr. Casey has just received an Honor Medal for Distinguished Service in Journalism from the University of Missouri, the citation reading: "To Robert J. Casey, in recognition of his long career as a brilliant reporter in virtually all the fields of news and features; his successful record of authorship of books of exploration, travel, fiction and his position as dean of American newspaper reporters."

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Plain-Living American Gothic

THE TOWNSMAN. By John Sedges. New York: The John Day Co. 1945. 384 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THE saga of the family that settled in the American West is by now a familiar literary form. More often than not it either glorifies the restless adventurer whose unrestrained individualism builds the family fortune, or it recounts the harrowing trials of loneliness and cold. This tale has some of both these features, as is inevitable in a story set in Kansas just after the Civil War. But its general tone is clear of the fustian of gun-toting pageantry and of the mournful discord of the completely unnerved.

For Jonathan Goodliffe, around whom swirl the actions of family and village, is truly a "townsman"—a man disposed by nature to stay in one place and to make of that place a solid

and substantial thing. If restlessness is an American characteristic, then Jonathan is atypical. But it probably would be fairer to say that he belongs with those in America who have kept the restlessness of others within purposive channels.

The story of the Goodliffes—of Jonathan's father, impatient and improvident, anxious to leave the last thing undone and to get on to bigger and more promising ones; of his mother, torn by her love for her husband and her hopes to educate her children and to build a decent home; of Jamie, who took after his father; of Maggie and Ruth—is as comprehensive as the jottings in the flyleaf of a family Bible. In it are the births, the deaths, the marriages, and all the other vital statistics that are the milestones of any family chronicle.

The Goodliffes came from England, from a little town by the Irish Sea where Jonathan and his mother, at least, were content to spend their days until wrenched away by Clyde, the father. It is the conflict between those who would tend their gardens and those who would seek the greener far-off hills that gives the story its bite. This difference in attitude is seen not only within the family but also in the dislike of the people of Median for those who stop only to get food and salt before driving on. "Those who were going on were sure that all who did not go with them were stolid fools, losing all for the sake of supposed prudence; and those who stayed and built sod houses and cleared land for farms and grew cattle and pigs and fowl and sowed crops and planted fruit trees scorned the great windy dreams of those who were going West."

Prudent folk seldom make the liveliest heroes and there are moments when the cool calculated behavior of Jonathan makes him seem a bit priggish. Yet as one follows his trials and his triumphs, as one sees him battle to establish school and church, to turn single-handedly a crude frontier town into a civilized county seat, he takes on something of an epic figure. His careful nurture of young trees and young minds, his efforts to give the young colored boy the opportunities a brilliant mind deserves, gradually make of Jonathan a figure in American life worthy of a place beside the more colorful, swashbuckling empire builders of the West.

Mr. Sedges writes of all this with a restrained fulness that fits the mood of his theme admirably. He handles his detail of background excellently, never letting the sodhouse, the calicoes, the furniture, become obtrusive in the Sears-Roebuck-catalogue way that many writers seem to think is necessary to provide a convincing setting. Some of his women—notably Judy, the preacher's daughter, the one great passion in Jonathan's life, and Jennet, the red-haired tavern girl—are a little stock, as is Evan, the handsome Southerner who runs off with Judy. But on the whole the characters of the book are in the round. Jonathan and his wife, Katie, are the true stuff of our history, as American in their way as Grant Wood's paintings of their grandchildren—plain-living, plain-thinking American Gothic.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Black-Eyed Susan," by John Gay. 2. Madeline, in "The Eve of St. Agnes," by John Keats. 3. "The Beggar Maid," by Tennyson. 4. "Christabel," by Coleridge. 5. "Meddlesome Matty," by Ann Taylor. 6. Belinda, in "The Rape of the Lock," by Pope. 7. Silvia, in "Who Is Silvia?" by Shakespeare. 8. "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," by Keats. 9. "The Blessed Damozel," by Dante G. Rossetti. 10. "The Poster Girl," by Carolyn Wells. 11. Porphyria, in "Porphyria's Lover," by Browning. 12. "Mariana," by Tennyson.

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On Smollett

TOBIAS SMOLLETT; Traveler-Novelist. By George M. Kahrl. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1945. 165 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THAT Tobias Smollett made good use in his fiction of his own experiences as ship's surgeon's mate, continental traveler, and editor of travel literature, is a commonplace of literary history; but the exact nature and extent of that use are still subjects for scholarly investigation and publication. Mr. Kahrl's researches have forwarded this investigation considerably, and the present publication is an admirable example of how the results of scholarship may be communicated to readers who are not specialists, while, a non-specialist ventures to believe, satisfying the strictest requirements of the specialists themselves.

Working from primary sources, and from monograph material of which some remains unpublished, Mr. Kahrl has written not to entertain, but to collect and communicate certain precise information. No detail in his chosen field is small enough to be neglected. For example, having drawn up a list of the London coffee-houses that were certainly visited by Smollett during his residence in the capital, he adds a foot-note: "Professor Knapp has called my attention to an a.l.s. by Smollett in the University of Glasgow Library dated from the 'Rainbow Coffeehouse, Monday Oct. 15, 1750.' Why Smollett was in this coffee-house, which was situated on Cornhill Road, is not known." This is typical of Mr. Kahrl's careful screening of material, and one has no doubt that he would very much like to know why. Smollett *was* in that particular place on that particular day. The merely literary reader is not likely to share his interest very fully in such cases, nor will the same reader linger over the logs and pay-books of the "Chichester" which show, among other facts, that with one exception Smollett "was at all musters from April 3, 1740, until January 30, 1741—that is, approximately from the time the fleet assembled, through the crossing of the Atlantic to the West Indies, until the expedition set sail from Jamaica for Carthagena."

But if Mr. Kahrl has not written to entertain, he has provided many pages that will reward, and thereby please, the non-specialists. Such are the pages in which he traces to their source, in Marcus Gabius Apicius, the recipes for the famous "Entertainment in the Manner of the Ancients"; the pages in which he discusses the Grand Tour,

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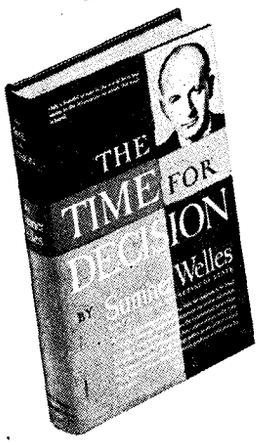

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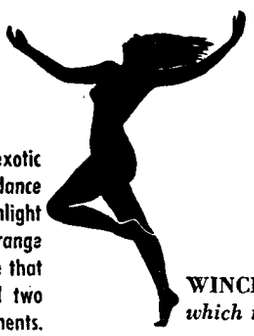

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the vogue of the "familiar letter" form in English literature, the literary influences apparent in Smollett's novels, and the position of Scots in England after the Act of Union.

Writing on this last topic, the author elucidates a state of affairs that has been forgotten by most readers of the present day, if it was ever known to them: the active hostility of the Englishman of Smollett's time towards his fellow Briton from the north. This hostility and the prejudices behind them, as Mr. Kahrl emphasizes, "were nowise confined to the London mobs and political writers; they penetrated to all classes. Johnson's frequent thrusts were only the humorous commonplaces of everyday prejudice and

are too well known to need repeating." It is interesting to note the nature of the favorite charges leveled against the Scots. Junius lashed them "for their characteristic prudence, selfish nationalism, indefatigable smile, persevering assiduity, and everlasting profession of discreet and moderate resentment"; while Smollett himself, in an important and little known passage, quoted by Mr. Kahrl, wrote that

> the common grudge was founded upon the success of the Scots, who had established themselves in different parts of England, and risen from very small beginnings to wealth and consideration. They had prospered in many different provinces of life, and made no contemptible figure in the cultivation of the arts and sciences. In a word the English people looked upon them with an evil eye, as interlopers in commerce and competitors for reputation.

What a familiar ring these charges have, and not in connection with the Scots! But, despite their injustice, they were not without their compensation for a novelist who remained half-foreigner in England and "wrote, as it were, from the vantage point of two cultures."

In concluding this inadequate review, let me say that Mr. Kahrl rides no hobbies and promotes no pet theories. He is eager to discover the personal sources of Smollett's novels, but also determined to distinguish between discovery and speculation; and wary of all dubious identifications of the characters and facts of life with the characters and facts of fiction.

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Geographic Strips

FROM DEMOCRACY TO NAZISM. Rudolf Heberle. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 1945. 130 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by VEIT VALENTIN

THIS little book does not quite fulfil what its main title promises to the reader. One would expect a general interpretation of National Socialism. But actually, only the introduction and the conclusion discuss the general development of the movement while the three paramount chapters of the book deal exclusively with the political parties and movements in the Prussian province of Schleswig-Holstein. In the main the volume consists of a collection of scientific papers, some of which have appeared previously in various periodicals.

Schleswig-Holstein, before its annexation by Prussia known as the two Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, was famous for its tradition of local pride, its independent provincialism, and its agricultural civilization. A typical border land, it developed, during the period before the First World War, three different types of opposition to "Berlin." The first type was ethnic-linguistic in character. The so-called "Danes," as deputies in the Bismarckean Reichstag, represented the Danish-speaking inhabitants of North Schleswig, where a plebiscite under the regulations of Article V of the peace treaty of Prague (186) had supposedly decided their definite political allegiance. As is well known, the plebiscite was cancelled by Bismarck, and was not finally carried out until after the First World War when, under foreign pressure, the northern part of Schleswig was given to Denmark.

The second form of Schleswig-Holstein opposition was progressive-liberal. Neither the conservatives nor the liberals could win any conspicuous stronghold, the main feelings of the middle class being anti-Prussian, anti-militaristic, and anti-imperialistic. The third form of opposition was social-democratic. This fact was alone due to industrialization, for 22.5 percent of the total rural votes were social-democratic, the highest number the party scored in any of the provinces of Prussia. And, surprisingly enough, in Schleswig-Holstein, the National Socialists in 1930 obtained the largest percentage of votes (twenty-seven percent) registered in any election district; two years later, in the Reichstag election of July, 1932, the National Socialists gained an absolute majority (fifty-one percent of the total vote). Schleswig-Holstein was the

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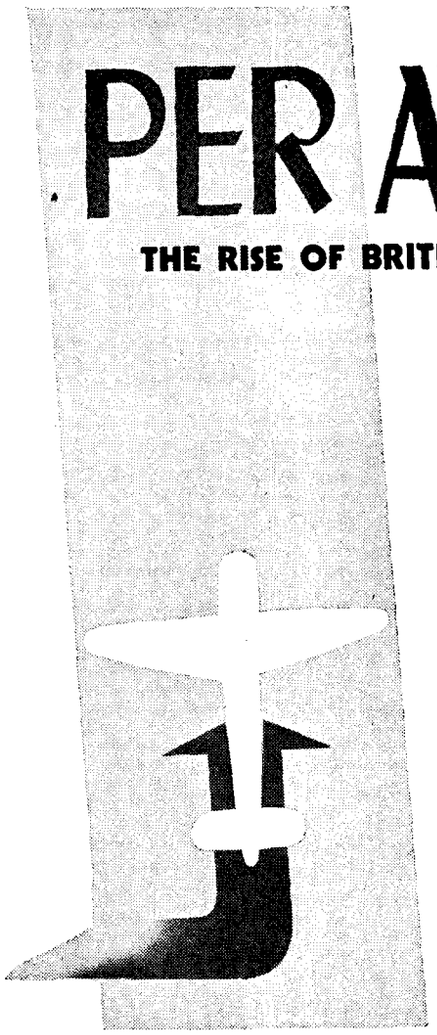

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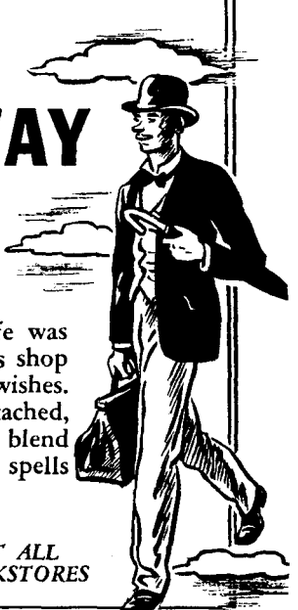

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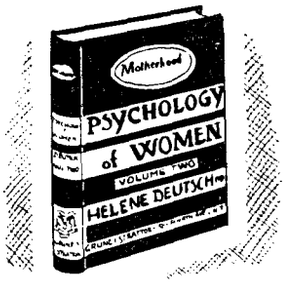

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only election district in the whole Reich where such a success took place. These amazing facts justify the decision of Mr. Heberle to select Schleswig-Holstein as a test case and to examine its individual conditions with special care.

How did it happen that the three types of opposition, mentioned above, transformed themselves into National Socialism? The reason was that each contained certain elements which prepared the voters for a complete change of attitude. These elements were strikingly akin to National Socialism long before the National Socialist party could carry out its work. The author interprets these elements by analyzing two major groups of political thought. The first can be described as a neo-romantic conception of the social order, postulating an ideal state based on the community of the people (*Volksgemeinschaft*). What Mr. Heberle has to say about the Land-und-Bauernbund (League of Land and Farmers), the Jung-Bauernbund, a sort of rural Youth movement, the Landvolk (country folk movement), makes one of the best parts of the book. The attitude of all these organizations was not far from anti-semitism; their adherents hated urban methods—like all earlier German parties, National Socialism was originally urban but full of longing for rural genuity. There was even an element of democracy involved, if we understand by that a mobilization of the strength of the masses, however accompanied by a definite underrating of the usual civil liberties. Instead of responsible action of individuals, leadership was expected by those groups, with a special emotional emphasis on the "Führer," the savior, the hero, a sort of incarnation and sublimation of the great Iron Chancellor of days gone-by, Prince Bismarck, who resided during his last period in the Sachsenwald, the Saxon forest, as the neighbor of Schleswig-Holstein.

The second phase of political thought, which prepared the inhabitants of the Duchies for National Socialism, could be defined as "counter-revolutionary syndicalism." Mr. Heberle is quite right when he emphasizes how great the distance was between Prussian conservatism as it is represented by nobility, army, and bureaucracy, and the aggressive, ruthless, vulgar, and obtrusive National Socialism of the infamous party type. The ideas of syndicalistic self-help, direct action, the use of violence and intimidation, organized brutality and cruelty in the interest of terrorism, were first developed in Italy; there existed similar features in the French and Russian revolutions; but there was no precedent for them in German history. All the more disgusting, therefore, was the cynic adoption of these unspeakable methods by the German tyrants. The deplorable result was the destruction of rule-of-law state, one of the great concepts of German Kantianism.

Mr. Heberle's book contains a few mistakes and omissions, but deserves attention for its many good points. The most original part of it is the meticulous analysis of the economic conditions of the three geographic strips of Schleswig-Holstein, the Marsch, the Geest, and the Eastern Hillside, and the relationship between these economic and ethnic conditions, and the success of National Socialist ideology. It is worthwhile to learn that the political and human solidarity in some districts was so strong that, at certain political turning points, one whole group would be apt to change its allegiance in order to avoid internal personal strife and achieve unanimity.

Any Soldier

By Laura Benét

IRREVOCABLY lost, his mind
Resigned itself to desperate calm.
It seemed as though catastrophe
Were freighted with a subtle balm;

As though the flying ice and sleet
Cleansed him of life's tormenting claim,
Their coldness as an antidote
More purifying than the flame.

Strangely War seemed inconsequent,
Now he had challenged blood and fire.
Such peace filled him as lights on those
Who sacrifice their own desire.

He found within his startled self
The reason for men's birth and death;
Not knowing where he was in time,
About to forfeit sight and breath.

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Destructive Prelude to Reconstruction

HITLER AND BEYOND. A German Testament. By Erich Koch-Weser. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 207 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

ERICH KOCH-WESER twice held cabinet portfolios during the troubled days of the Weimar Republic. After Hitler came to power, he went to Brazil where he recently died. In an unusually moving publisher's foreword, Mr. Knopf says that he was a man who "always fought, habitually risked everything, and long suffered for what he believed to be true and good." He was not a great political leader, but he was able, sincere, and intelligent. His book appears at a time when Germany, too, has ceased to exist. It will go against the grain of currently whipped-up emotions, and perhaps not a great many people will read it through. Those who do finish it will have the benefit of an essay in historical interpretation which is not as well-knit and lucid as it might be but which cannot be denied a place among the four or five really significant books written by emigrés from the Third Reich.

Dr. Koch-Weser, once Minister of the Interior, writes with special authority about the moot question of the German armed forces after the First World War. After stressing the pacifism of the years immediately after 1918, he describes the rise of German nationalistic sentiment and makes clear the crucial psychological importance of the Ruhr invasion. The so-called "Black Reichswehr" was, he thinks, created during this period, and he concedes that it was never disbanded. Even so the total armed might of Germany remained comparatively insignificant during all these years, and the temper of the military leaders was not one of revolt against popular government. It was Hitler who, with the help of von Hindenburg, fashioned the new Wehrmacht for conquest. Our author underscores at this point what many another has written about the singular indifference, even benevolence, shown by foreign governments to a fanatical "leader" obviously preparing for war.

The tyrant Hitler—Dr. Koch-Weser objects to hearing him called a dictator—is analyzed as a conspirator who, experienced in the game of the struggle for power, relies in the end upon terror as the instrument of control. Those who seek an answer to the question of why it was that a gangster from Braunau could curb a great people and lead it to its doom can glean much from these pages. They are written by a man who knew both the mechanics of German government and the psychology of the governed. He parts company, it is true, with all those who seem to feel that only Germans should not have loved their country. But he distinguishes very clearly between legitimate national feeling and "nationalism." Concerning this question the Democratic Party, to which Dr. Koch-Weser belonged, had many prolonged discussions. I think the debate is summarized very competently in this book, though on some matters the reader may well be of a different mind.

This book was written before the collapse of Nazism but in complete awareness of the fact that that collapse would eventually take place. Its author disclaims any right to discuss the terms of the peace that might be imposed upon Germany. He does, however, offer suggestions as to how the education and enlightenment of the defeated nation might be effected. On the one hand he does not believe that there is an evil German race, which must be banned to a quarantined enclosure. On the other hand, he contends that both dearth of information and the legacy of malevolent propaganda have created a German public opinion which does not know the truth about the war or about the crimes committed by the Nazis who started and fought it. Therefore no immediate return to "freedom of expression" will be possible. Governmental intervention must of necessity be the order of the day, in order to secure both a hearing for the truth and a black-out of venomous propaganda. Dr. Koch-Weser is far more optimistic than most writers have been about the availability of German teachers and publicists loyal to decent ideals. He holds that not more than twenty per cent of the teachers of the higher schools will have to be removed, and that the percentage of venal teachers in the lower schools is even smaller. Perhaps he did not visualize in its entirety the physical chaos created by the war, and it is difficult to believe that he did not underestimate the moral havoc as well.

Though what he writes is often of pertinence to those wrestling with the immediate problems of German reconstruction, I think that Dr. Koch-Weser's book will appeal particularly to those who are interested in the basic ideas which have been at stake in this conflict. It is the work of a man who thought deeply and patiently, and who, despite inevitable limitations, will be remembered as a citizen of the world. I may add that the translation—by Olga Marx—is unusually fluent, though there are some curious minor errors.

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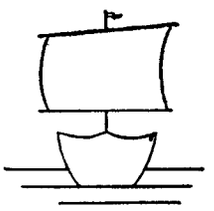

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More Ways Than One

THERE are more ways than one in which to help boys and girls find and keep forever the art of reading. Sometimes a puzzled father or mother will say: "But my child will not read anything. He hates reading." Is this distaste for books perhaps because the wrong books have been forced upon him too early, or because he has never been made to realize that books often provide an answer to his questions, his curiosities? If they are "exposed" to a wide variety of books boys and girls, whatever their background, learn quickly that reading is more than just one form of recreation. That word "variety" holds the key. It is variety and freedom of choice that show them how often a book ties in with their special hobby, their personal interests.

This reviewer remembers once hearing a well-known scientist who writes popular books on scientific subjects talk to a group of boys in a public library on the lower East Side of Manhattan. These boys had asked for the speaker. He had written a book about the weather and they wanted to know more than the book told them—and this was long before the war made weather observation so vitally important. They were mostly Jewish boys whose parents, or perhaps grandparents, came from eastern Europe. They went to public schools, and had probably never owned a book. When he began his talk the scientist obviously tried to simplify his subject. But the alert intelligence that he soon sensed in his audience made him change very soon to a more technical approach. When he finished, he asked for questions. They came, thick and fast, and he answered them honestly, sometimes after a pause as though he were thinking out his answer. When the group finally broke up, only because it was nine o'clock and the library was closing, the scientist turned to the librarian, literally mopping his brow: "I feel," he said, "like a deflated balloon. I have told those boys everything that I have ever learned about the weather. How on earth do they know enough to ask such searching questions?". The answer was simple. Those boys were in the habit of coming every day or so to their public library. They pored for hours in the reading room over magazines like *The Scientific American* and *The Popular Science Monthly*. When the magazine article failed to satisfy them, they asked for a book and got it, even if it meant borrowing it from the adult collection. Many of them were not readers in a wide sense. They read on certain specific subjects because they were interested in those subjects. They were scientific rather than literary. Books gave them the *facts* that they needed. Perhaps some of them have played their part in the scientific development of this war.

There are younger children who will not read a book but will listen happily when a story is told or read aloud. Often they are natural readers but the mechanics of reading bother them. As one little boy put it: "I don't like to read with my eyes, but I love to listen with my ears." A few months later he was "reading with his eyes" easily and happily. Children who love animals will often be drawn to a picture book, reading the text because it tells them about the animals that are pictured. Dozens of boys that this reviewer has known have been made readers through their enthusiasm for cowboys and their ponies.

—From "Major and the Kitten."

The truth is that there are children, just as there are grown-ups, who will never acquire the fine art of reading. They are too objective, too realistic. But that does not mean that they will not read. Books will be to them not an end in themselves, but the means to an end. Each book selected for them should have "a reason for being" that they will find logical. Twenty years ago the selection of books for this group would have been difficult. Today it is very easy. There is something in the world of books for everyone.

M. G. D.

ADVENTURES GALORE

MYSTERY ISLAND. By Enid Blyton. Illustrations by Stuart Tresilian. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 266 *pp.* $2.50.

WE can foresee adventure when Philip invites Jack and Lucy Ann to spend their summer holidays with him and his sister at Crazy Top—an old ruined house. The family also includes a learned and absent-minded uncle and an impatient aunt. A half-mad Negro servant, Jo-Jo, and strange sea birds help to set an atmosphere of mystery. The children discover an old map of the house that marks underground cellars and passageways and, spurred by Jack's passion for wild birds, find their way to the forbidden Isle of Gloom. Instead of birds they discover there, after some hair-raising adventures, some outlaws who are being pursued by agents of the Government.

This book, by an English author, has a strong English flavor. There is abundant tea drinking. Even when the children go on a boating expedition they take the native beverage along in a

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"flask." Words are sometimes used in a sense strange to Americans. In the swaying boat Lucky Ann nibbles a dry "biscuit" to ward off sea-sickness; when the children descend into the underground passages they all carry "torches" which an American would call flashlights.

The children all show imagination and initiative and their collaboration as a team reminds one of Paul Hazard's assertion that the English quite often have a team take the place of an individual as the hero—which would be the way of the Latin people.

Illustrations in black and white enhance the mysterious atmosphere of the story.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

THE SINGING CAVE. By Margaret Leighton. Illustrations by Manning de V. Lee. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 169 *pp.* $2.

THIS is a tale of adventure, set on a ranch in California, with a boy with a taste for archeology as hero and a girl who shares his hobby as heroine. The climax of the story is reached when Bill and another boy succeed in solving the mystery of the Singing Cave.

This would not be a Western story if Penny, the city girl, were not introduced to a fiesta. This is an eventful one, with Bill becoming the hero of the day. Western scenery unfolds before the reader's eyes and the names Temecula, Cuyamaca, Polomac sound pleasantly exotic in his ears. Felipe, in the moonlight, tells the legend of Wiyot who was the first man ever to die, and describes how the Eagle flew away from Death: "He flew to the high mountains that are the edges of the world . . . but always Death is there, too." This is not, however, the end of this dynamic and cheerful adventure story. Bill and the others know that "there were going to be plenty of days, plenty of other tomorrows here at the old adobe ranch-house in its fertile green valley. And the way things looked now, each one was going to be better than the last!".

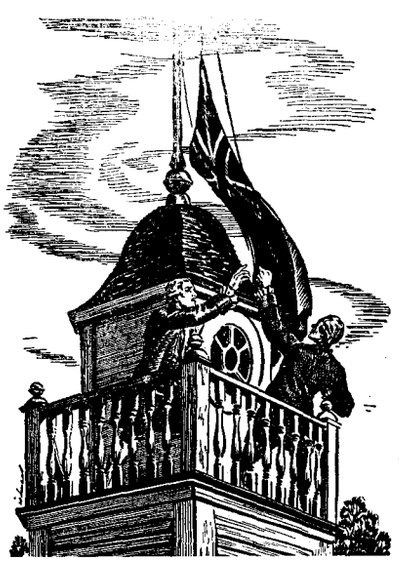
Many expressive full-page illustrations and a map showing the scenes of the explorations add to the interest of the book.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

A DIVIDED LOYALTY

EMERALDS FOR THE KING. By Constance Savery. Illustrated by Victor Dowling. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1945. 270 *pp.* $2.

THE grandfather clock had just shown Tosty that his thirteenth birthday had begun when he was given a quest difficult even for a grown man in which, as it turned out, he would find himself competing with men. It was Tosty's own great-great grandfather who had hidden a treasure in the caverns on his estate—treasure to be used in England's need. And now England needed it sorely, and Aunt Sophia had only now found the parchment that revealed its whereabouts. Of the young people of the family, only Tosty was loyal to the King. So Aunt Sophia had come to persuade him to go to Yanburgh Manor and, under the very noses of his twin half-brothers who were Roundheads and longed to find the treasure themselves so that they could turn it over to the Parliament, find it and take the most precious part of it, a marvelous store of emeralds, straight to King Charles. But the brothers, Miles and Giles, discovered Tosty's purpose and kept him virtually a prisoner at the Manor until they had made their own search. How Tosty was torn between his love for Miles and his loyalty to the King, how he evaded the watchful eyes that guarded him, how he narrowly missed



—From "Give Me Liberty."

death many times in his daring attempt to find the emeralds, how he found them at last and laid them in the hands of King Charles makes a fast-moving, exciting tale.

The characterizations in the story are of quite as much interest as the plot, the background is interesting and convincing, and there is abundant humor.

RUTH A. HILL.

PATH TO SUCCESS

DOCTOR ELLEN. By Adele de Leeuw. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1944. 210 *pp.* $2.

IN many ways this is a conventional "career" story. It tells of Ellen Paige's four years in medical school, of her fellow-students, her adjustments to the hardships and hazards of medical training, her disappointments, and her ultimate success. There is romance. Two of the young doctors fall in love with Ellen and she makes her choice. It is the character and influence of Ellen's family physician, old Doctor Seth, that lift the story above the usual career book. The relationship between the wise, tired old man and Ellen's impulsive youth is a moving one. The letter that he leaves her when he dies at the end of the story might well serve as a charge to any girl who is at the end of her training and the beginning of her career. An honest, realistic story, this might be an incentive in a period when doctors and nurses are so badly needed.

M. G. D.

BIG, LOVABLE ANIMAL

MAJOR AND THE KITTEN. By Helen Hoke. Pictures by Diana Thorne. New York: Franklin Watts, Inc. 1945. 29 *pp.* $1.

MAJOR is a huge St. Bernard dog and Diana Thorne has made him a most ingratiating animal. One look at his picture—and you fall head over heels in love with him. One small boy beat happily with his hand on the double-spread where Major is standing at the door: "He is *my* dog!," he shouted. "My big, big dog!" The story is a simple, unexciting one about Grandmother, the two children, a stray kitten with a good deal of character—and Major. In Major's face, his sad eyes, his shaggy coat, his huge clumsy paws are all the qualities that make St. Bernards so lovable and so trustworthy. Major endures the kitten, who is adopted by Grandmother, in patience for a while. Then Mopsy's interfering mischief proves too much for him. He gives her the firm, just punishment that her tricks have earned. Then he and Grandmother settle down to the old order and peace. This is a large book with pictures in two colors.

M. G. D.

GOLDEN-VOICED VIRGINIAN

GIVE ME LIBERTY. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1945. 257 *pp.* $2.50.

THE famous phrase that is the title of this life of Patrick Henry has gained a new meaning to the peoples of all the world in this last decade. He said it before he began to work with the other founders on the framing of a constitution that was to be the foundation stone of the most successful of all democracies. Today statesmen are working on the framework of a constitution that will be,

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we hope, the foundation for a world democracy.

It is time that we had a life of Patrick Henry for the young people of America—perhaps for the youth of other countries. Miss Hawthorne, who has written readable and well documented biographies of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thoreau, and other great men, obviously has a great enthusiasm for the golden-tongued Virginian who is her present subject. In some aspects it is, perhaps, so great that "it runs away with her." One flaw in the book is, in the opinion of this reviewer, her over-emphasis on the quarrel between Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson. In the perspective of time the differences that existed between them do not in any way lessen their value as builders of a nation. It seems a pity so to stress it here. What she does do—and very effectively—is to build up the figure of a man who was gracious, virile, vigorous in mind and body—a man who was a devoted husband and father, a good friend, a witty and charming host and guest. He had what was called then "a sending voice" and the gift to an extraordinary degree of finding the right word. It must have been a thrilling experience to have heard him when he said in the House of Burgesses in Williamsburg: "If this be treason, make the most of it!" But the most thrilling words of all were, of course, the speech in St. John's Church in support of the resolution to take up arms against England. They echo with extraordinary power and conviction today:

> Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty—or give me death.

How many men and women in the countries the Nazis conquered might have said those same words as they made their choice—which was for so many of them—death.

The book is filled with small, revealing stories which always seem to fit into the text, that paint word pictures that are remembered long afterward. When Patrick Henry stopped at Mount Vernon to see George Washington not long after the Boston Tea Party, Washington says: "Martha and I are in the habit of taking tea out here at this time, but that's over for the present. For how long, who shall say?" and he gave Henry an interrogative look as they took their seats. When the Continental Congress met for the first time on September 4, 1774, Henry said: "I am not a Virginian, but an American." His relationship to the many children that his two wives bore him adds greatly to the warm and human portrait that Miss Hawthorne has drawn of him. In all his relationships, even with his enemies, you feel his charm and his integrity. You feel, too, his love for the land, his pride in it. Every foot of the plantation at Red Hill was under his personal supervision. His voice, "melodious as an Alpine horn," gave the field workers their orders. All that he valued is of even greater value today. His story is an important record to all Americans.

M. G. D.

LEARNING THE EASY WAY

SKY HIGHWAYS; GEOGRAPHY FROM THE AIR. By Trevor Lloyd. Illustrated by Armstrong Sperry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 61 *pp.* $2.50.

LIKE an earlier book on Australia from the same publishers, this has the format of a picture book with illustrations in color, maps, and charts. It describes in a sort of "diary" form the journey in a plane from Washington over the West Indies, the coast of South America, Africa, and India to Chungking; then back to Washington by way of Siberia, Russia, and Alaska. The people in the plane and at the airports are distinctive, and the messages that guide and direct the plane are given verbatim, so that there is always a vivid sense of exactly what is happening in the amazing transition from the Western to the Eastern hemisphere and back again. Well-informed boys who are critical about the terms used in aviation will find this entirely satisfactory. Weather control, landing checks, and plotting by the navigator are all described in scientific terms. There is an especially convincing chart of air levels, from five thousand to sixty thousand feet.

And yet there is much here that will hold the interest of the younger boys and girls. If to an older generation the journey seems nothing short of a miracle, the younger generation will "take it in its stride." These landing fields in the African jungle, the Arabian desert, in China, and Siberia and Alaska will be no more a novelty to them than the airport in New York or Washington seems to us. "All people on earth are now each others' neighbors," says the author. "There are no longer any foreigners. The flier who is walking through the bazaars of Bombay today may be telephoning his family from Miami the day after tomorrow and eating his dinner in London that night." According to Mr. Lloyd, the next step will be to fly the shortest route between the two hemispheres—directly over the North Pole. That will probably come before the boys and girls who read this book are very much older. Armstrong Sperry's pictures of the strange places and people are in full color.

M. G. D.

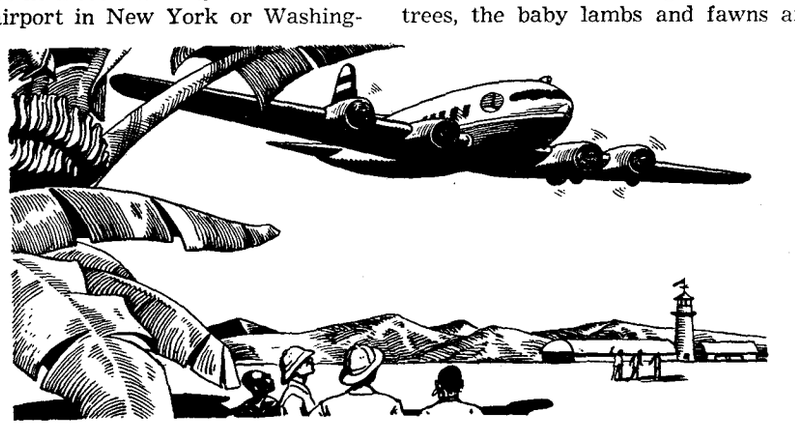
TALES FOR TOTS

THE LITTLE RED HEN. By Helen Dean Fish. Illustrated by Katharine R. Bernard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 20 *pp.* 85 *cents.*

A PRAYER FOR LITTLE THINGS. By Eleanor Farjeon. Pictures by Elizabeth Orton Jones. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 15 *pp.* 85 *cents.*

HERE are two more books in a series for little children at a comparatively low price. The first is a version of an old nursery tale as it is remembered by Helen Dean Fish whose "Four and Twenty Blackbirds" is a treasure to so many small boys and girls. This story was told to her and her sisters by Nurse Befabby-cash while she was making the chocolate cake for Sunday dinner. It is told rhythmically, with tiny, brightly-colored pictures in place of the nouns. Children will like to listen to it and will be eager to read it afterward to themselves.

The second is Eleanor Farjeon's prayer for the little things that are important in a child's world—for the seeds, the raindrops, the baby birds, and animals. The pictures, printed in soft pale colors, show the drops of rain falling on slender green leaves, the baby birds opening their beaks for worms, the seeds that grow into tall trees, the baby lambs and fawns and



—*From "Sky Highways: Geography from the Air."*

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colts, the wild animals when they are very young indeed. The prayer is in five four-line verses. It is easy to learn and remember:

Take care of small new lambs that bleat,
Small foals that totter on their feet,
And all small creatures ever known
Till they are strong to stand alone.

M. G. D.

LIVES OF MUSICAL GREATS

MOZART, His Life Told in Anecdotal Form. By Waldo Mayo. Illustrated by Andre Dugo. New York: The Hyperion Press. Distributed by Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 1945. 40 *pp.* $2.75.

TSCHAIKOVSKY, His Life Told in Anecdotal Form. By Waldo Mayo. Illustrated by Andre Dugo. The Same. 1945. 40 *pp.* $1.75.

CHOPIN, His Life Told in Anecdotal Form. By George Ruttkay. Illustrated by Andre Dugo. The Same. 1945. 40 *pp.* $1.75.

THESE gay looking books are the three in a series of short biographical sketches of composers intended to present the lives of the musicians for young readers or the "thousands of potential music lovers young and old," as the blurb has it. Illustrated in fresh watercolors, here are dramatized scenes from childhood and student days, and important events which mark the careers of Mozart, Tschaikovsky, and Chopin as creative artists. The musical horizon of many may be broadened by these human-interest stories which read like radio comments and gain their emphasis by sentimental popularization of the subjects rather than through any sense of style and story-telling. Informing as they are, they seem entirely removed from reality. They do not at any time give to the reader a living picture of the individual under consideration or any true sense of the time and place that produced him. All is suggested by gay adjectives or quaint language, reading like some romantic tale in which even sorrow and hardship emerge remote and unreal. One never gets the idea that here are people who lived and suffered and gave to the world some wonderful music. The authors seem to have underestimated children's ability to meet life in a book, and to be without a notion that children want good sound stuff when they are reading on some subject that interests them. Mozart, Tschaikovsky, and Chopin are not easy people to write about and it takes more than appreciation of their music to get them across on paper. In spite of all this the books will probably find their audience among the uninitiated who can relate the text to the music they are hearing on the radio and in concert halls.

MARIA CIMINO.

—From "The Little Fellow."

UNSPOILING OF A COLT

THE LITTLE FELLOW. Drawings by Diana Thorne. Story by Marguerite Henry. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 1945. 65 *pp.* $2.

CHIP is a colt who was born at Joy Farm. In many ways he was a lucky colt. Whitey, the Negro stable-boy, kept the stable very clean and the feed-boxes well filled. The family, who owned the farm, was interested in each new colt that came. They admired Chip on the occasion of his first appearance and called him, affectionately, "the little fellow." Chip's mother was gentle, but firm. Chip himself was so "full of vim and vigor" that he needed discipline almost immediately. When another mare, Fanny Jenks, introduced a baby, Chip became extremely jealous. The new colt got the sugar from the family and Chip got only a small piece of apple. He was furious. When they saw how mad he was, the family and even the other horses laughed at him. This was too much for Chips. He proceeded to bite the new baby, whose name was Strawberry Jenks, with his sharp, white teeth. The trouble that that one bite caused amazed Chips. He was well punished by his mother and ostracized for days by all the other horses. In the meantime he grew reluctantly fond of Strawberry Jenks. The end of the story is very satisfactory.

The pictures, printed in a bright reddish-brown and in black and white, have a good deal of humor. The endpapers with Chips and his mother on one side and Strawberry Jenks and *his* mother on the other will lead small boys and girls on into the story.

M. G. D.

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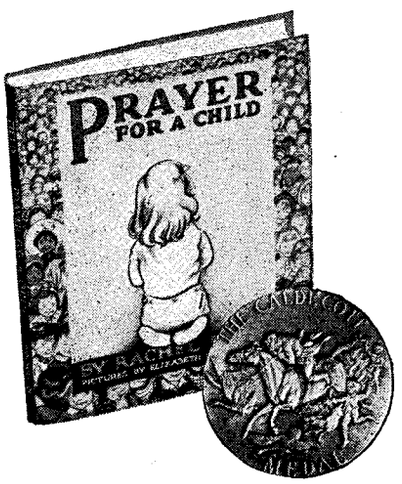

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the Phoenix Nest

THE BALLAD OF THREE SCORE

NOW I must pause for breath on a hill,
Just for a moment my heart goes queer;
Work must wait though I lack not will.
But have we not laughed at Time, my dear?
That milestone ahead is my Sixtieth Year,
Yet, for all that, shall we not be bolder
Who have fared through the forest of doubt and fear?
Let me grow younger as I grow older!

Far less coins remain in the till
Of meagre talent. My golden gear
Gathers rust on a nail by the sill.
But have we not laughed at Time, my dear?
Though heady spirit be now small beer,
And the lightfoot Muse I shall never behold her,
And I hear the roar of a distant weir,
Let me grow younger as I grow older!

To my will this only codicil,
For crimson flares through the brown and sere:
Luck to each brave young Jerry and Jill!
Have we not laughed at Time, my dear?
If they find the Millenium far more near
Why should I tell them my hope is colder?
No! Down with the vizor—advance the spear!
Let me grow younger as I grow older!

Hist! A whisper is cool and clear.
Someone is leaning against my shoulder
Telling the spell of it into my ear:
Humans grow younger as they grow older!

Martha Albrand's

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a love story that begins as a game and turns into a dangerous adventure

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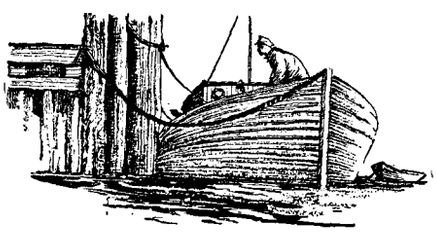
LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

Annually the town of Rockport on Cape Ann has a Memorial Day ceremony which I, for one, think should be visited by a *Life* cameraman or some such recorder of typical Americana. It never fails to move me when I see it at the start of another summer on the North Shore. First a parade winds through the town in which many local organizations have a part. It is led by the Chief of Police in uniform, and this year he was accompanied on each side by several self-appointed little-boy helpers whom he regarded with a benign and understanding eye. Sometimes they had to run to keep up with his stride, but they scampered right along in the forefront. The parade included the State Guard, the Girl Scouts and Brownies, the Boy Scouts and Cubs, the wives of the American Legion, the Veterans of the last World War and of the Spanish-American War of '98. Not the least feature of the procession was the Rockport High School Band in grey uniforms with cloaks lined with red; and its shako'd drum-majorette and her assistants. The Selectmen of the Town rode in cars. What is commonly called a "bevy" of little girls in white dresses attended the ceremony as the parade wound up on T Wharf, where there was an address by the Congregational minister, a benediction by the Methodist minister, and one of the American Legion wives superintended the little girls as they cast sprays of bridalwreath into the water at the end of the pier. Three volleys were fired by the State Guard, and Taps was then sounded by the bugler. From far off up on the hill, across the harbor, an echoing Taps came floating back from another bugler stationed there. The parade reformed and marched back to the Legion Hall for refreshments.



The children of Rockport always take a large part in this yearly ceremony, and add to it a refreshing element. Everybody in the town of white houses and lovely green trees turns out to watch the procession from various points of vantage. A mixture of formality, informality, and general friendliness makes it a typically American expression of feeling. It is one of the best ways I know for the summer visitor properly to start his or her sojourn beside the gorgeously blue ocean that surges against the tip of Cape Ann.

* * *

And this brings me to a frank talk with my many correspondents and contributors, whom I love. If I answered every letter that was written me (and this is really not bragging) or returned every poem sent me, it would consume all my time. As I try to write a little myself, and to read other people's book manuscripts, which they insist on sending me for criticism, and do a few chores at home, and keep in touch with my family and a few public duties, it is really impossible for me to reply to everything asked of me. Therefore, if you send me a poem, keep a copy and don't expect me to acknowledge it. I may, if I can; but again, I may not. Everything I receive, that I think I can use, goes into one of those brick-red large taped heavy-paper brief-cases, which is always jammed to the scuppers. But, unlike the late Don Marquis, I do not merely fish for contributions when I wish some, as he used to do on that wonderful *New York Sun* desk of his where the unopened mail stood mountain-high. I go through the case every once in a while—actually; throw out the chaff and try to keep the grain. Mr. Cousins kindly gives me as much space as he can, but he can't do more. So a lot of good things are held and held, and the panting letter-writer or poet looks up and is not fed. I can't help that. I do the best I kin.

And so, till next week.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

CULTURED AND BORED YOUNG GENTLEMAN will welcome correspondence with interesting, broadminded compatriots. Any good suggestions, fellow readers? Box 567-L.

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S.O.S.—Serviceman's wife, who made a pre-war grandiose gesture of giving away her piano to a poor little girl, now finds herself in desperate cultural straits. Allotment checks don't permit for payment of today's piano prices. Woe upon woe—also finds her own little daughter has talent and is pathetically yearning for an instrument. Is there some kind reader who has a piano in good condition that he will part with on inexpensive terms? Box 605-L.

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(*Continued from page* 41)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

THIS is a novel letter from Charles Grant, Chicago: "I found a copy of *The Saturday Review* on a street car and was interested in solving the Double-Crostic puzzle. I am a man of very little education and the only reference material in the office where I work is mostly thumbprints, etc. I guessed three or four of the 'definitions' and then filled in the balance of them by guessing at the words in the puzzle. I believe I went at it backwards. At all events, when I had finished the puzzle, I bought the current issue of the *Review,* only to find that the issue I had was two weeks old." Then Mr. Grant gives his solution and asks if it is correct. Of course, such a well-written letter could come only from one whose words above belie his education. It just occurs to me that he would be an ideal demonstrator of DCs and that such a demonstration might prove to be a very practical method of getting the DCs before the public. His "working backward" is, for me, the very way to do DCs! Despite the fact that many of our puzzlers do them without the use of reference books, I still think that those who peg away at the words without using reference books are bound to find them hard even with the help of their wits. For me reference books and wits constitute the slogan for DCs.

Recent callers included Nina Price Lowenstein of Henry Holt & Co.; Elizabeth Huling of *The New Republic,* Ralph Jacobs, prominent lawyer, and the Misses Anderson and Morris, well-known Duo Singers from Australia by way of England and now settled in New York. The singers took a copy of the "Invitation" to use on the train recently in keeping a Chicago appointment, and on their return they reported a surprising number of people they met who do DCs.

Mrs. T. W. Todd, Palo Alto, Calif., thinks the new set-up especially fine for those like herself "who sometimes have to take their DCs lying down." Ruth Martin, Glen Ridge, N. J., while acknowledging that the new set-up is not so hard on the eyes, exclaims: "But, why, oh why do you put the puzzle at the bottom of the page? . . . We can't all put the magazine down on a flat surface—I do mine in bed, in transit, anywhere and everywhere, with only a knee for support. I find having the puzzle on the bottom of the page very awkward. And when are you going to adopt the sensible suggestion of upside down answers?" (Ask the Editors. I myself have long approved of the last-named suggestion.) Mrs. Elizabeth Vermorcken, who used to correspond with us from Italy, but now of Pittsburgh, can't understand why a flood of protests like her own hasn't turned us back to the old form! But we have received no such "flood."

JUNE 16, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 586

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. First president of the German Reich (1919-25).

B. Poisonous; noxious.

C. Destructive disease of young sugar-cane, endemic in Hawaii (Plant Path.)

D. Desisted from (2 wds.)

E. A hand containing no card higher than nine (Whist).

F. Short dozes (2 wds.)

G. A greenhorn or simpleton (S. Africa).

H. Leaped and frisked.

I. A common barrier of Australasia

J. One of the two daughters of Oedipus.

K. The hypothetical core material of the earth (Geol.)

L. To pass by a narrow margin (Colloq.; 2 wds.)

M. In passing; incidentally (Latin).

N. Revoked (Colloq. for "reneged").

O. Of an indifferent or mediocre kind (3 wds.)

P. Verse play by Maxwell Anderson (1935).

Q. Encroaches; touches closely.

R. Island on which Alexander Hamilton was born.

S. Concessionaire who operates games of chance at amusement places (Slang).

T. New York lawyer, author of recent autobiography (not so-called).

U. Russian novelist, author of "Crime and Punishment" (1821-81).

V. Without backbone, force, or courage.

W. Called England's greatest prime minister (1759-1806).

X. A traditional island west of the Pillars of Hercules (Plato, Pliny, etc.)

Y. Banging or pounding noise (Colloq.; comp.)

Z. The faculty of understanding the manner, way, or means (Comp.)

WORDS

89 22 135 150 15

134 30 111 16 90 110 55 160

175 107 26 1 115

44 38 168 93 65 133 152

167 77 31 119 23 40 42 112 5 68

7 81 46 173 10 147 62

109 66 143 136 83

141 24 20 29 79 82 36 170 165

12 104 74 149

61 138 32 161 96 69

84 35 144 122

86 80 19 121 6 156 124 103 14 128 179 47

120 166 162 59 28 113

70 53 101 73 164 85

21 58 54 125 159 127 178 132 43 91

94 153 181 63 169 145 8 158 48

45 60 157 95 129 174 182 108

71 140 105 172 17

52 78 177 41 25 151 154

33 11 4 56 176

13 18 76 102 64 87 163 117 142 50

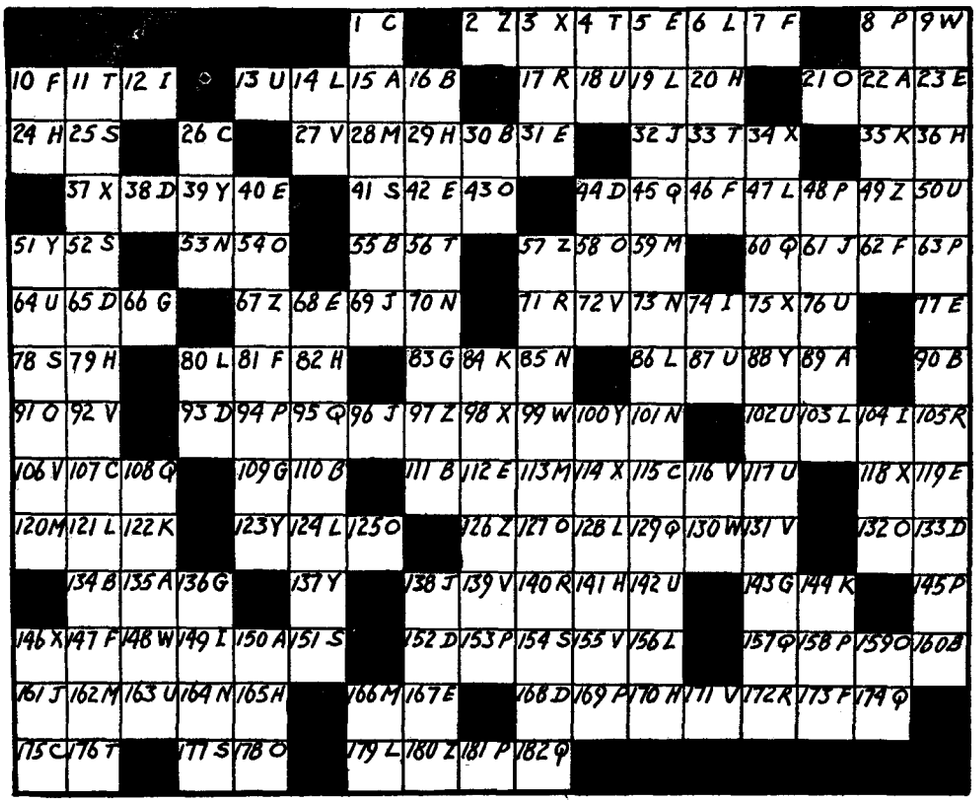
155 139 72 27 106 171 116 131 92

9 99 148 130

118 75 98 146 37 34 3 114

88 137 100 123 39 51

97 49 57 2 126 180 67



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